



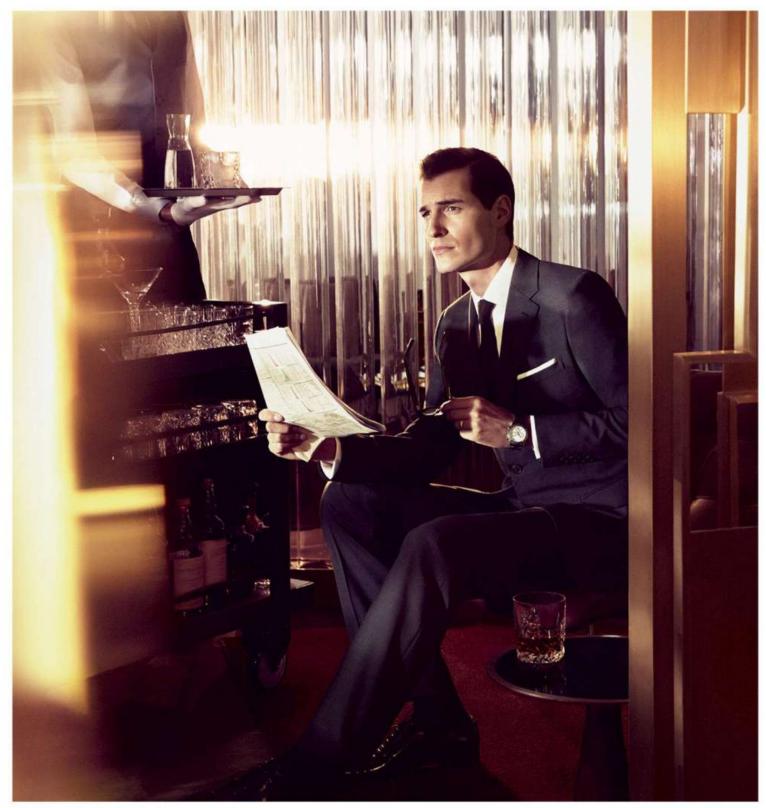
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THE LANGHAM — Classic Service

CHAPTER 2. THE ART OF GENUINE SERVICE



LANGHAM PLACE — Contemporary Service Featuring Portrait of a Poet: Kenneth Koch, 1970, by Alex Katz





Ah yes, The Zone. You remember that place where you relax your body and mind just enough to shape those random little notions into something

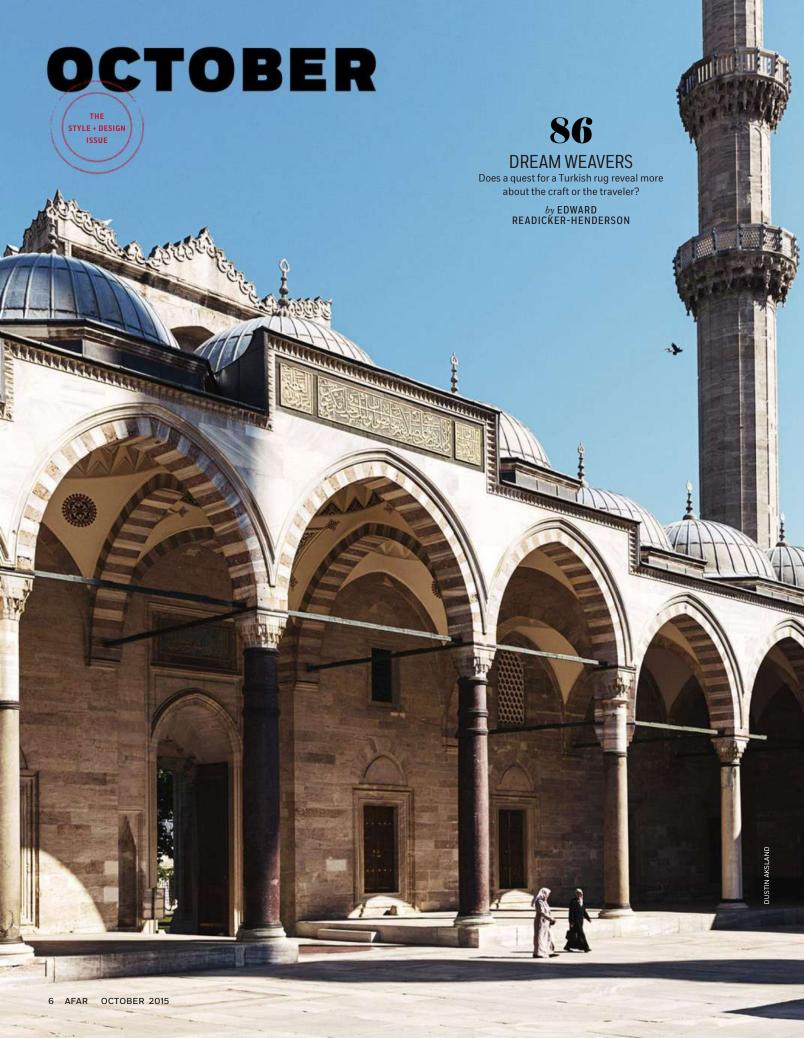
useful. You know: ideas. An elusive place these days, for sure.

And yet, the new **Lincoln Black Label MKX*** is doing its small part to help you find it. How? By paying attention to nuances of texture and

tone, by using only the top 1% of hides for leather seating. And then there are the exceptional privileges, like having your vehicle personally picked up by a Lincoln Black Label Specialist if it ever needs service, then delivered back, good as new. It's like it turns even your time into a luxury. Who wouldn't love that? All to inspire that feeling of effortlessness, yet leaving you in total control. Ah yes... The Zone. Remember? LincolnMKX.com/BlackLabel

THE FEELING STAYS WITH YOU.





PIAGET



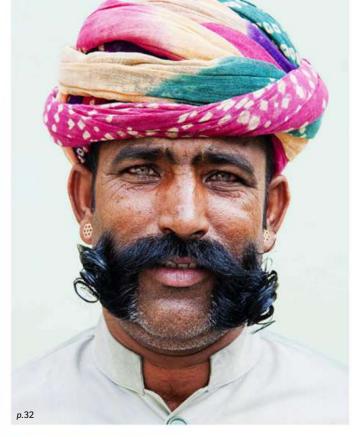


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OCTOBER







Paris is
made for (food)
lovers—and it's
easier than
ever to eat well.
p.40

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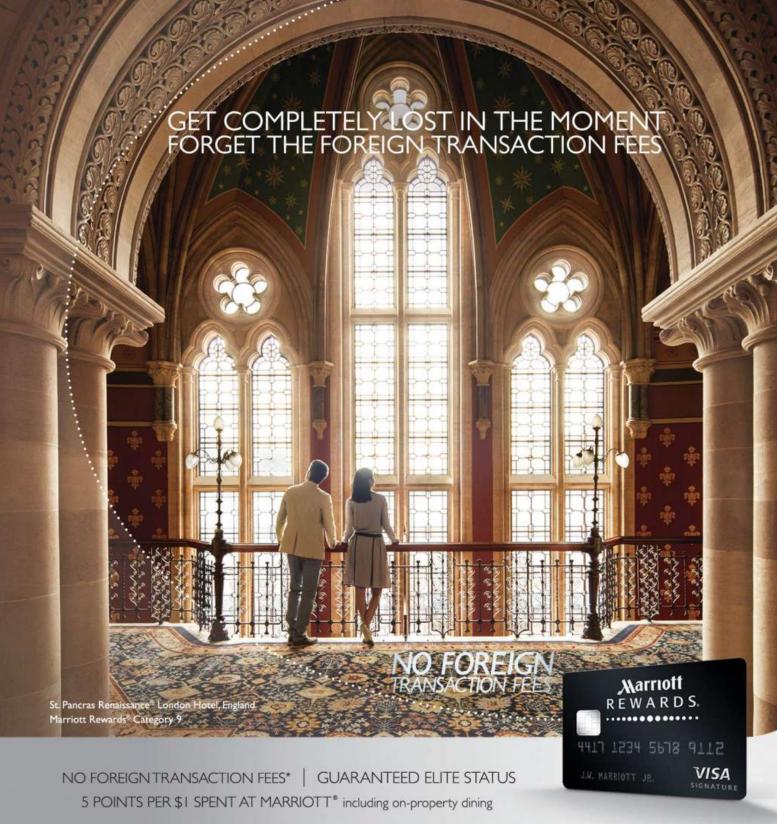
Political art in Dubai.
A new home for
Singapore's masters.
Larger-than-life
Rothkos in Texas. The
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A weaver outside
Istanbul creates a Turkish rug using the classic double-knot technique that makes the carpets so prized.
Learn more on page 86.

Photograph by Dustin Aksland CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: JEFFERY CROSS, ANNA MAZUREK, TARA GUERTIN



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FOUNDERS GREG SULLIVAN & JOE DIAZ

EXECUTIVE VP, PUBLISHER Ellen Asmodeo-Giglio **EDITORIAL**

ellen@afar.com, 646-430-9884

CREATIVE DIRECTOR Elizabeth Spiridakis Olson @white_lightning ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER Bryan Kinkade

bryan@afar.com, 646-873-6136

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR MARKETING Maggie Gould Markey DIRECTOR OF DIGITAL CONTENT Davina Baum @davinabaum

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY Tara Guertin @afarfotos

DEPUTY EDITOR Jennifer Flowers @iennflowers

VP, EDITOR IN CHIEF Julia Cosgrove @jules_afar

EXECUTIVE EDITOR Jeremy Saum @jeremyafar

SENIOR EDITORS Derk Richardson @derkafar

Andrew Richdale @therichdale

HOTELS EDITOR Jen Murphy @jengoesafar

ART DIRECTOR Jason Seldon @jasonseldon11

ASSOCIATE EDITORS Aislyn Greene @aislyngreene

Danielle Walsh @deedubbavew

PHOTO ASSISTANT Alex Palomino @palographic

GUIDES EDITOR Nick Rowlands @pharaonick

STYLE EDITOR Jennifer Lee @iennleestvlist

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS Lisa Abend @lisaabend

Chris Colin @chriscolin3000

Tom Downey @tjdnewyork

David Farley @davidfarley Emma John @em_john

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS Chip Conley @chipconley

Nina Dietzel @ninadietzel

Rainer Jenss @jensstravels

Joss Kent @ceo_andbeyond Matt Villano @mattvillano

COPY EDITOR Elizabeth Bell

PROOFREADER Laura Fredrickson

INTERNS Georgina Coll, Sarah Purkrabek, Diana Smith

maggie@afar.com, 646-430-9879

SALES

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, SALES Barry Brown

barry@afar.com, 646-430-9881

WEST COAST SALES DIRECTOR Onnalee MacDonald

onnalee@afar.com, 310-779-5648

LUXURY SALES DIRECTOR Kate Hornsby

khornsby@afar.com, 646-213-4840

DIRECTOR, AFAR CUSTOM Lou LaGrange

lou@afar.com, 415-814-1394

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, TRAVEL Kristin Nicholas

kristin@afar.com, 310-991-3373

BRAND MANAGER Michaela Trimble michaela@afar.com, 646-430-9880

SALES COORDINATOR Rachel Novick

rachel@afar.com, 646-430-9888

SALES, SOUTHEAST Colleen Schoch Morell

colleen@afar.com, 561-586-6671

SALES, MIDWEST Focus Marketing & Media

focusmm@afar.com, 248-909-5430

SALES, SOUTHWEST Lewis Stafford Company lewisstafford@afar.com, 972-960-2889

SALES, CENTRAL/SOUTH AMERICA Fernando Mandri Bellot, Integra Tourism for Good

fmandri@integra-tourism.com, 52/(01) 55-1150-9532

SALES, INDIA Faredoon Kuka, RMA Media

kuka@rmamedia.com. 91/(0) 22-2925-3735 SALES, MEXICO Lourdes Berho Corona, Alchemia

lberho@alchemia.com.mx, 52/(01) 55-5004-0490

AFAR MEDIA LLC

CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER Greg Sullivan @gregafar VP, CHIEF PRODUCT OFFICER Joe Diaz @joediazafar

VP. CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER Laura Simkins

VP. CHIEF TECHNOLOGY OFFICER Derek Butcher @derekbutcher DIRECTOR OF FINANCE Matt Fenster

AUDIENCE MARKETING DIRECTOR Lisa Radler DIGITAL AUDIENCE MARKETING DIRECTOR Sean Nakamura

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LEAD ENGINEER Sherry Jin

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IT MANAGER Jonathan Chu

HUMAN RESOURCES MANAGER Breanna Rhoades

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BOARD OF DIRECTORS Joe Diaz, Ernie Garcia, Greg Sullivan

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EDITORIAL & CORPORATE OFFICES SALES & MARKETING OFFICES

130 Battery Street, Sixth Floor 25 West 43rd Street, Suite 222 San Francisco, CA 94111 New York, NY 10036 415-814-1400, editorial@afar.com 646-430-9888

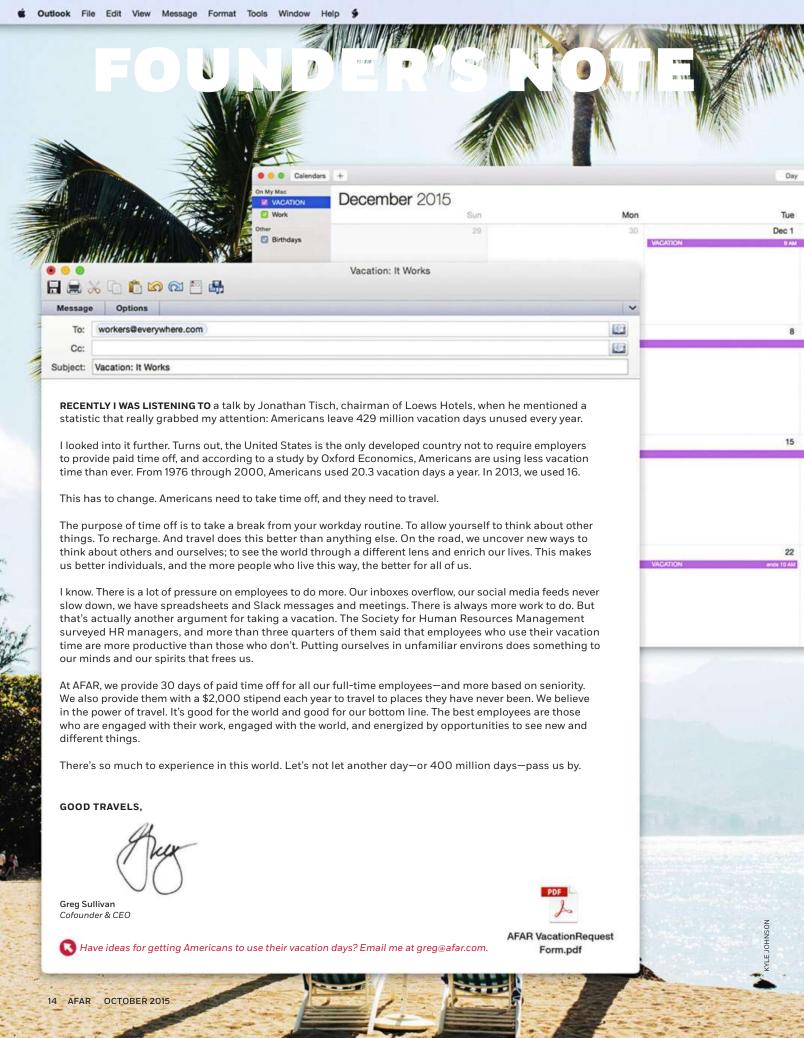
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HARRY MITCHELL Photographer Made in Mayfair p.49

Rediscovering his own backyard: "I grew up in London, so I'd passed through Mayfair, but I'd never spent time there until this shoot. It's known for symbols of wealth and luxury, but it also has a polished outlandishness about it." The bigger picture: "The area shows how much London has modernized in the last decade. You see classic architecture alongside roads that look like they were built yesterday." Travel with him on Instagram @harrymitchell.



LINDSEY TRAMUTA Writer **Paris Is for Everyone** p.40

Paris, reborn: "In the nine years I've lived here, I've seen the city open up to creative influences, especially in terms of food. The neo-bistro movement champions great food that's not precious, so you can eat well for a good price. I'm a fan of Tannat, a recent arrival in the 11th arrondissement." Toss the guidebook: "Get out of the city center. Paris is built to get lost inthat's how you stumble onto great finds." Wander with her on Instagram @lostncheeseland.



DUSTIN AKSLAND Photographer **Dream Weavers** p.86

The right stuff: "I'm attracted to shooting characters, and the rug dealers in Turkey were perfect: eccentric, loud, and passionate." New BFF: "I hit it off with Recep Sefer, a fourth-generation store owner who hunts for beautiful, handwoven rugs in remote villages in Iraq, Asia, and Europe. There were probably 50,000 one-of-a-kind rugs in his five-story shop, Orient Handmade Carpets." Double tap his photos on Instagram @dustinaksland.



JOHN CURRENCE Writer Malaysia Meal by Meal p.66

A chef gets more than great cuisine: "The food in Malaysia was remarkable, but it wasn't the most profound thing I found. Many cultures live peacefully together there. Move 100 miles out in any direction and that's not the case. It's amazing." The intrigue was mutual: "I was peeking into a Muslim temple, unsure if I'd be welcome. Then a man came out, grabbed me by the arm, and took me inside without a word." Follow his tastes on Instagram @johnnysnack.



CLARE VIVIER Designer Wandering Designer p.30

A bag designer's dream museum: "The Simone Handbag Museum in Seoul has a vintage collection from all around the world that shows the history of handbags. My favorite one was made of hand-embroidered linen, like those beautiful old bedsheets you see in Europe." Sweet conversion: "I'm not a dessert person, but I can't resist the pat bing soo-shaved ice with black bean paste on top-from Okrumong. It's so refreshing." Style watch with her on Instagram @clarevivier.



DRESS REHEARSALS IN LONDON'S MOST EXCLUSIVE CHANGING ROOM





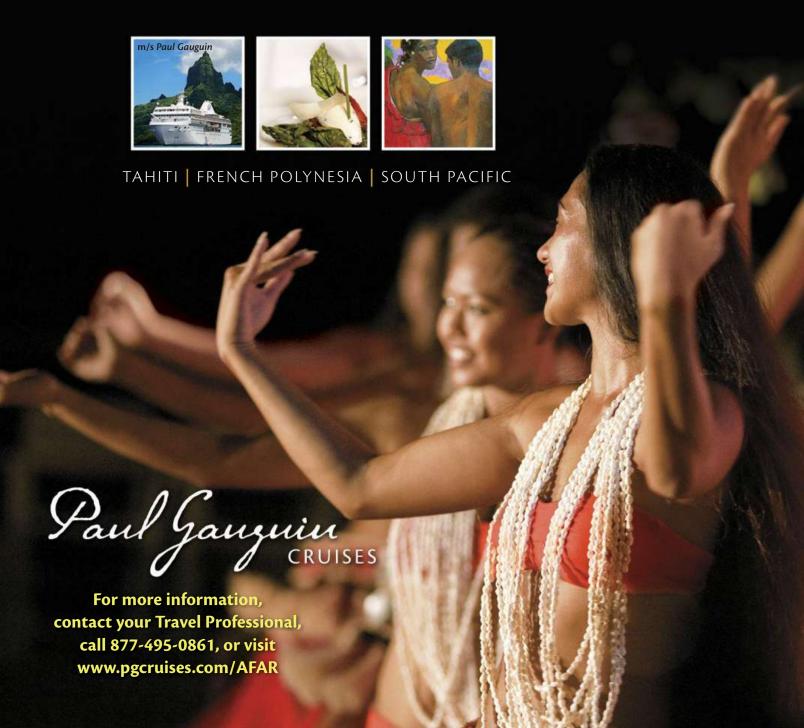
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SWAY TO THE RHYTHM OF THE ISLANDS

Maeva ("Welcome")! Come aboard our small luxury ship – and enter the exotic culture of French Polynesia. From our graceful troupe of host/entertainers to crafts demonstrations and gourmet cuisine, we bring the music, the traditions, and the legendary hospitality of Polynesia aboard every cruise. No other cruise line can match our expertise to the region – or our exceptional, all-inclusive value, with 50% off standard cruise fares plus included roundtrip airfare from Los Angeles.









ESCAPE TO **NEW YORK**

A spate of new hotels means it's easier than ever to find a space to suit your style, whether you travel to relax or eat well. by JEN MURPHY



THE NEW YORK EDITION

BEST IF

Food comes first.

With its scalloped ceilings and goldleaf bar, the new Edition hotel nods to Fifth Avenue's gilded age. The real star, however, is its Clocktower restaurant, where London chef Jason Atherton wows with sophisticated tavern food: ox cheek-spiked mac 'n' cheese and

dry-aged steak. From \$725. edition hotels.com



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is genuinely ecofriendly. Rooms are equipped with hemp mattresses, reusable chalkboards, and organic cotton socks; there's a beehive on the roof; and you'll find garden boxes in the common areas—the front desk will supply

scissors so you can

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.com/central-park

pick fresh basil.



TOMMIE **HUDSON SQUARE**

BEST IF

You miss college.

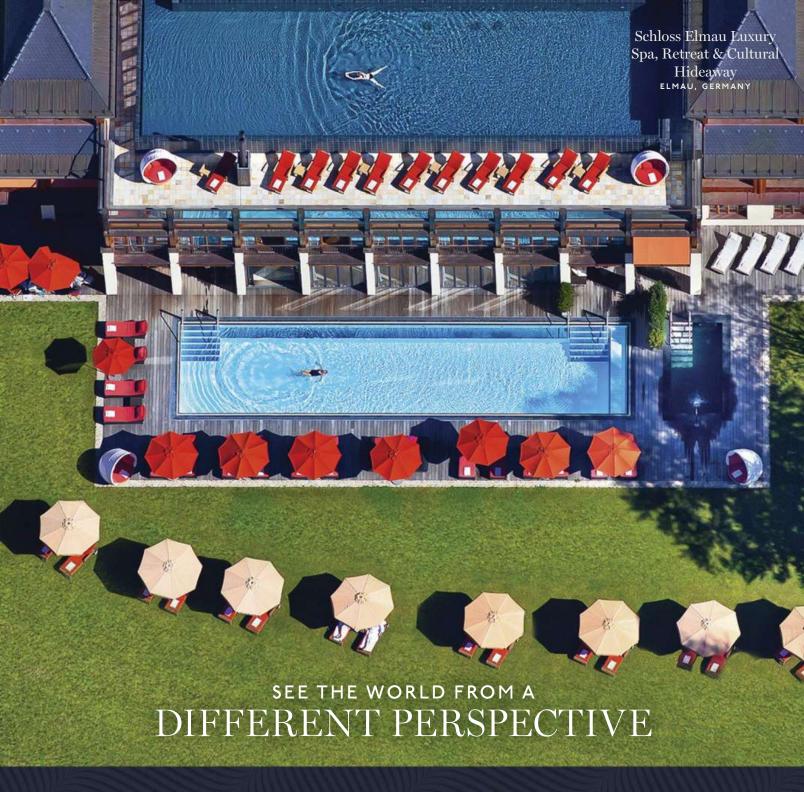
The first Tommie hotel, set to open this winter, is like a dorm gone fabulous. Rooms are multifunctional, an on-site general store carries snacks from indie food merchant Mouth, and the restaurant is cafeteria stylethough chef Harold Moore's beer-can chicken is far from sophomoric. From \$249. tommie hotels.com



MARMARA PARK AVENUE

You need spaceand a spa.

Located south of Midtown East, the second Marmara hotel in the U.S. is a taste of Turkish luxury. Forty of the 128 rooms have terraces, and many include full kitchens and wine fridges stocked with bottles from the owner's vineyard in Turkey. Be sure to save an afternoon for the hammam. From \$500. park .marmaranyc.com



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For curious travelers, seeing the world differently means beginning from an unexpected vantage point. From former castles, palaces and monasteries, to safari camps and private islands, our curated portfolio of uncommon luxury hotels are united by the ambition to elevate the senses through immersive experiences and story-worthy moments. Where you go from there is entirely up to you.



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NEW DELHI BY DESIGN

Those seeking retail therapy should zero in on **Mehar Chand Market**, where Indian designers sell their untraditional wares alongside old-time tailors and produce vendors. **BY CYNTHIA ROSENFELD**



THE RIGHT READ

Everything about CMYK invites you to linger and read, including the chai its café serves. Browse the glossy volumes on photography, design, and Indian cooking, and try to make one of the weekly readings from such authors as Bishwanath Ghosh.

15–16 Mehar Chand Market



TRUNK SHOW

Nostalgia rules at **Nappa Dori**, where designer Gautam Sinha works leather into everything from ikat messenger bags and iPad-size travel organizers (pictured) to sherbet-colored trunks that are almost too pretty to use.

25 Mehar Chand Market





LOCAL COLOR

Shades of India was one of the first

shops to connect contemporary designers with traditional artisans. The bright, cheerful space overflows with nubby gold quilts, teak-accented pillows, beaded handbags, and other accessories and furnishings that allow you to bring a little India home.

127 Mehar Chand Market





INDIA, REFRESHED

En Inde is a slice of new and old India. Owners Anupama Sukh Lalvani and Sonal Sood display their modern statement necklaces made from stainless steel, twine, and even horse hair next to traditional black pottery from Nagaland, in the northeast region of the country.

125–126 Mehar Chand Market



NAPPA DORI

The muted, tailored tunics at Manan Design nod ever so slightly to the traditional sari. Designers Madhavi and Sharad Ganeriwalla apply the same understated sensibility to a line of jewelry, bedding, and kid things.

115 Mehar Chand Market

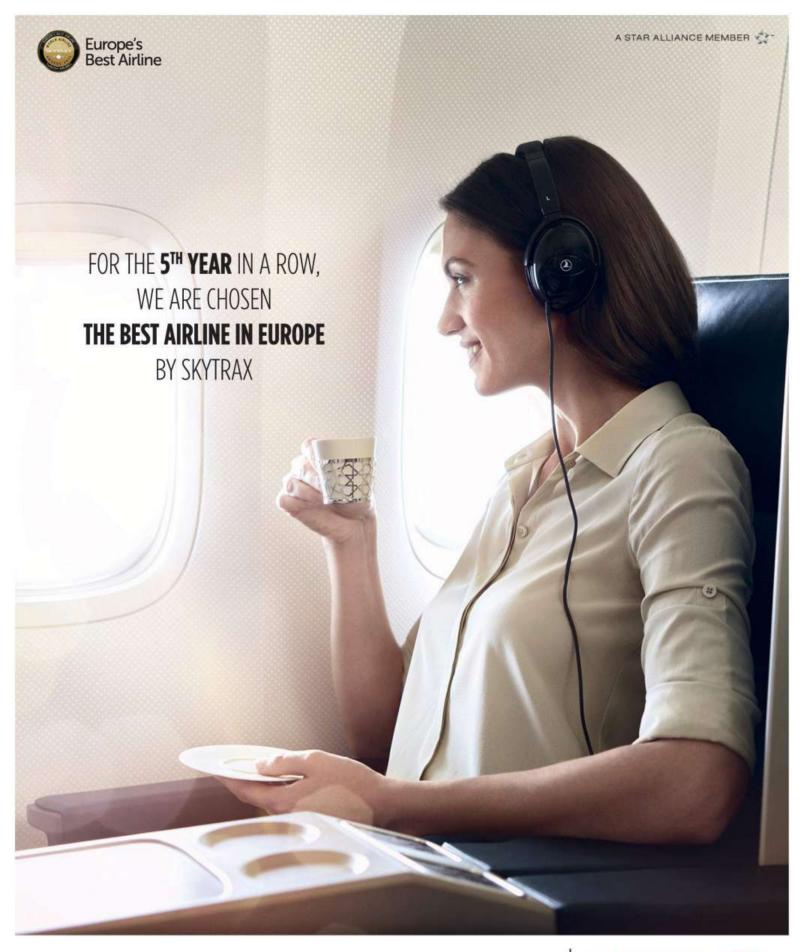


THE DETOUR

After a day spent shopping in Mehar Chand, walk a few minutes to Lodhi Colony Market, where **Ploof** serves seafood fresh from the coastal towns of Goa and Kochi—and doubles as the city's best deli. Take a trip to the Arabian Sea via the grilled sea bass garnished with charred peppers, or for fans of the hot stuff, try the devil's curry, which comes with a warning from the chef.

13 Lodhi Colony Market













Get your Balenciaga, Givenchy, and Marni fix at Boon the Shop.



KOREAN STREET STYLE

"I couldn't stop photographing the innovative architecture. Sometimes I couldn't decide whether I liked a crazy exterior or not, but it's refreshing to see that expression of artistic freedom. The honeycombed Urban Hive, a mixed-use space, reminds me of L.A.'s new Broad Museum [see more on page 78]. Even the stores look like museums. **Boon the Shop** has a minimalist gray exterior, and inside, the floors are a blend of marble, stone, and



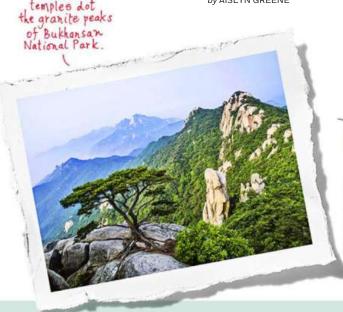
See more of Clare's Seoul travels at afar .com/clarevivier.

reclaimed wood."



CLARE VIVIER'S **SEOUL**

To shoot her fall Clare V. collection, Los Angeles-based bag designer Clare Vivier chose Seoul, South Korea, which is home to some of her biggest fans. "People on the street recognized me and said hello, which never happens in the U.S.," she says. In between shoots, she found plenty of time to eat bibimbap, climb a mountain, and (of course) shop. by AISLYN GREENE



THE ORIGINAL **SLOW FOOD**

"The food is fresh, but not in a we-justdiscovered-farmto-table way. Seoul was never overrun by fake food. Parc Seoul serves what a Korean mother might cook, like bibimbap with sides of kimchi. Dishes at GaeWhaOk, a bulgogi spot, are also great (try the cold noodle soup, naengmyeon), but l especially loved the decor. Everything on the table was warm brass-yellow brass plates, a brass grill-while the rest of the space was spare and hung with black ink drawings."

SERENITY NOW

"The first day of our visit was Buddha's birthday, a national holiday, so we headed to Bukhansan National Park on the northern edge of the city. There were so many people there that they couldn't all fit inside the temples. The monks set out pillows in the courtyards of the temples, which were decorated with paper lanterns. There were lotus flowers everywhere."

What She Brought Home:

There's no shortage of shopping in fashion-crazy Seoul. Here are Clare's favorite finds.

Buddhist

WHITE CULOTTES From Niko and...

"The clothing at this boutique is a little androgynous, which I love for women. The culottes I bought here were my favorite thing to wear all summer."



WOOD SPOONS From Shinsegae

"Beneath the main department store there's a huge food market. I had to buy a set of carved spoons in all different sizes, from tiny to made-for-serving."



PLATFORM SANDALS From Lebo

"These strappy sandals with chunky white soles and black patterning were so comfy, I wore them on the long flight home."

WHO WE ARE IS WHAT WE LEAVE BEHIND.

It's been said our lives, our legacies, are simply the sum total of all the choices we make. Theodore Roosevelt certainly understood this when, in 1906, he fought the conventional wisdom of his time and set aside millions of acres of land to be preserved for future generations. And it's something Subaru understood when, over a decade ago, we became the first U.S. auto manufacturer to achieve zero landfill, with all waste recycled or turned into electricity. It wasn't easy. Doing the right thing rarely is. But like President Roosevelt, we made a commitment to something we believe in: the future. It's this promise that now leads us to share our expertise with the National Park Service as we work together toward the goal of making our irreplaceable national treasures zero landfill as well. Because loving the earth means understanding you can't throw anything away, because there simply is no "away."

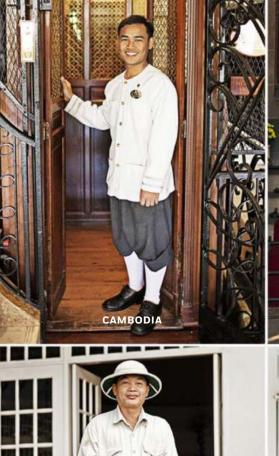


To learn more, visit subaru.com/environment.



























BERMUDA —STYLE—

For more than four centuries, Bermuda's mystique has inspired locals and travellers alike. Today, the 21-square-mile island is influencing a vibrant new generation of designers and stylists. The creative spark and friendly warmth of locals is contagious – inviting you to explore Bermuda. And this little Atlantic gem is even closer than you thought. Just a 2-hour flight from the East Coast.



ALEXANDRA MOSHER

@alexandramosher



Owner Designer Alexandra Mosher Studio Jewellery

"Arts and culture are in everyone on the island – creative expression is embedded deep within the Bermudian soul."
Using the island's famous pink sand as her medium, she personally handcrafts every piece of jewelry in her boutique.

SHIONA TURINI @shionat



Stylist Fashion Consultant

"It may be small but it's jampacked with beauty and culture. As a visual person, I fall in love with the scenery every time I come home – it's super lush and incredibly vibrant. On any given day you can experience the bluest water ever seen."

REBECCA HANSON

@TABSBermuda



Designer Founder TABS – The Authentic Bermuda Shorts

"I find Bermuda's vivid colours entrancing. You wake up in the morning saying, 'I've got to do something with these colours.' You just want to bottle them." She's done just that with her fashionable line of Bermuda shorts.

SAM OUTERBRIDGE + ADAM PETTY

@coralcoastBDA



Designers Founders Coral Coast Clothing

"We head straight for the open greens and blues of Bermuda's golf courses for inspiration and energy. Strolling the links certainly ticks all the boxes of a healthy island lifestyle. But the Dark 'n Stormys® after a great round don't hurt either."



○ URBAN COTTAGE

Seamlessly blending the island's past with its present, this stylish Hamilton shop bears a name that says it all. Browse shelves, tables and walls filled with a retro-futurist mix of cool new products (the "urban") and vintage Bermudian items (the "cottage"). It's just the place to pick up an only-in-Bermuda gift – one you may decide to keep for yourself.



X HAPPY TRAILS

Roughly 18 miles of scenic trails contour the island from St. George's to Somerset – tracing the early-twentieth-century Bermuda Railway track. Now called the Railway Trail, it presents perfect photo ops of rocky coastlines and lush backcountry. As you bike or hike along, watch for flowering freesia trees, Bermuda cedars and tropically manicured lawns.



«« ARCHITECTURAL APPRECIATION

Cruising around Bermuda, you'll notice the distinctive white limestone roofs that sit atop every structure in sight. Aside from looking artistically impressive, their design is required to collect rain water – since fresh water is so scarce. And under those roofs stand candy-coloured buildings – bright pink, canary yellow, mint green. The list goes on and on.

ISLAND INSPIRATION

Start planning your Bermudian escape at GoToBermuda.com.



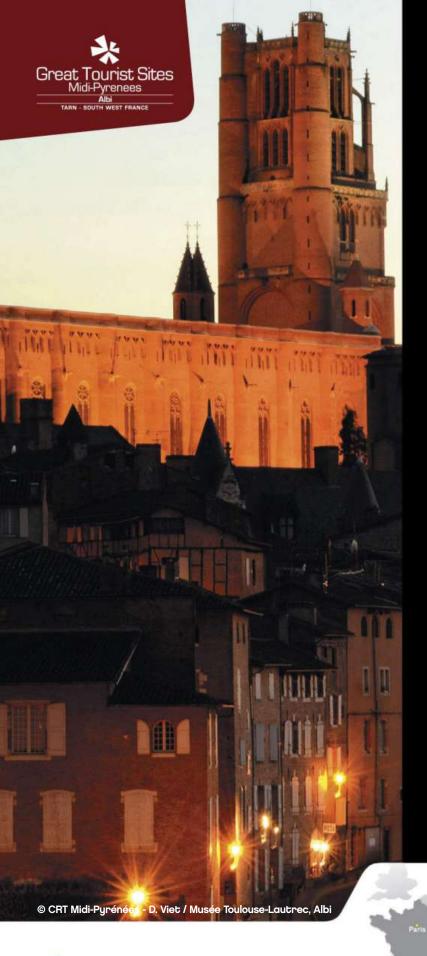


KEEP THE BEACH

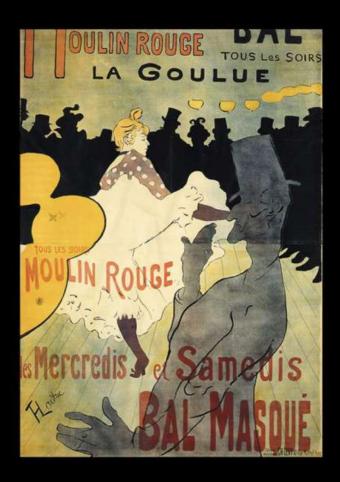
Light-catching, icy acrylic means this **new Timothy Oulton table** has a different story to tell from every angle.

Beachcombing is serious business for British designer Timothy Oulton. Along the coastlines of France, his team gathers **stray pieces of wood, tossed by the tides** and roughened by travels. They then arrange the sticks into a delicate tangle and encase them in smooth, solid acrylic. The resulting mod-but-rustic Spur Driftwood side tables "celebrate the imperfections in the wood and the notion that time makes things more beautiful," Oulton says. The name was inspired by the spur of a plant, a nectar-filled tube. "There's the idea that the wood is a living thing. And we've preserved it in a natural state." In other words, it's **a fossilized reminder of a serene landscape** for the home. —SARAH PURKRABEK

36 AFAR OCTOBER 2015 photograph by JEFFERY CROSS



MIDI-PYRENEES: A PATRON OF FRENCH ART



MOULIN ROUGE - LA GOULUE, TOULOUSE-LAUTREC, 1891

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC WAS BORN IN ALBI (TARN) A LANDMARK IN MIDI-PYRENEES AND A UNESCO WORLD HERITAGE
SITE, THE MUSEUM IS CURRENTLY DEDICATED TO THE MOST
IMPORTANT COLLECTION IN THE WORLD OF THIS PARISIAN
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IT'S A SHOE-IN

With its handsome look, cool backstory, and packability, the **Sabah** might just be the perfect travel shoe.

The Sabah colors—cobalt, camel, mint—were the first thing to catch my eye. But it was founder Mickey Ashmore's refreshingly personal approach that sealed the deal: The shoes are stitched by hand in Gaziantep, Turkey, using a 1,000-year-old shoemaking technique, then are sold at shows around the world that are more like casual house parties. (You can also place an order through sabah.am.) After kicking around in a pair for a few weeks, I can honestly say that I never want to travel in anything else. They go with everything-I tried them with dresses, shorts, and jeans-and are almost slipperlike in their comfort. Most important, they're leather, which means that a) they'll form to your foot the more you wear them, and b) they breathe, so you can go sockless without offending anyone when you slip them off in the TSA line. From \$190. -AISLYN GREENE

JUST BACK FROM

Five Ways to Taste Montreal

At our most recent **AFAR** Experiences event, two editors tried the classic (bagels) and the current (natural wines).

DERK RICHARDSON: "The wine bar **Le Vin Papillon** was my highlight. The meat in their white ham salad was so thinly sliced, it was almost the texture of lettuce. And we had a minerally organic white from the French Alps." DAVINA BAUM: "I loved the Cul-Sec wine bar, which focuses on natural wines. And at Pullman, I had a trio of burgundies and amazing salumi." **DR:** "That surprised me—seeing so many artisancured meats on the menus." DB: "But not in the Mile End, the old Jewish quarter. That's where the Montrealstyle bagels are. At St-Viateur Bagel, you can watch them go into the wood-fired oven via a conveyor belt. The most unusual thing we tried was horse carpaccio at Maison Publique." DR: "It was smoked but not gamy." DB: "It was good-very Québecois."



TRENDING

THE ARTIST HAS CHECKED IN

At these hotels, you can sleep among art-and mingle with those who made it. -ANDREW RICHDALE

1 SWATCH ART PEACE HOTEL International artists live for stints of three to six months in this Shanghai hotel. The only thing required of them? They must leave a work behind. From \$355. swatch-art-peacehotel.com

2 HOTEL FELLAH

Stay in Marrakech's artsiest hotel and you can hang with creatives, including directors, dancers, poets, and essayists, many of them rising Moroccan talents.

From \$186. fellah-hotel.com

3 ACE HOTEL NEW YORK

Emerging writers, including Chelsea Hodson and Dale Peck, stay and explore a forgotten art form: the letter. They then leave the missives bedside for guests. From \$299. acehotel.com/ newyork



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PARIS IS FOR EVERYONE

There's no bad time to stroll the City of Light, but there might just be a perfect time: this fall. Right now, Paris is overflowing with new experiences for art and food lovers, shoppers, cool kids—and actual kids, too.

by LINDSEY TRAMUTA

ACAPULCO

CANCUN

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The Insider's To-Do List

Whether you go to Paris annually or once a decade, these spots are unmissable.

1 MUSEUMS

If You Like The Centre Pompidou, known as much for its inside-out design as for modern art

Try This The year-old Fondation Louis Vuitton, above, which looks like a massive glass boat sailing on Bois de Boulogne park

2 SHOPPING

If You Like Merci, a trend hunter's first stop for bohemian threads and quirky miscellany

Try This Recently opened La Trésorerie, which stocks modern home goods, many made from renewable materials

3 NIGHTLIFE

If You Like The drinks at Experimental Cocktail Club, a favorite among global bartenders

Try This A Nevez Old-Fashion, spiked with whiskey from Brittany, at Le Syndicat, a new shrine to rare French booze

BEST OF CARBS

Beyond the Croissant

Pâtissier Philippe Urraca, a judge on France's equivalent of *Top Chef*, shares **where to find the best pastries in town**.



TARTE AUX POMMES

"Renowned pastry chef Claire Damon of Des Gâteaux et du Pain gets the crust perfectly crisp and the fruit juicy every time."



PARIS BREST

"At La Pâtisserie des Rêves, these wheel-shaped treats are sandwiched with a hazelnut cream. Each bite truly explodes with flavor."



ÉCLAIR

"L'Éclair de Génie made a genius update on the éclair au chocolat: half the size, half the sugar, and the highest quality chocolate from Grand Cru."



PROFITEROLES

And don't miss Urraca's own Profiterole Chérie, where the creamor ice cream-filled mounds are **made to order** in front of you.

THE DINNER FOR YOU

Be as finicky as you like— Paris has a restaurant right in your sweet spot.

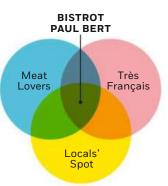


Go for the terrace and elegant small plates—black mullet ceviche, fried chicken with kimchi, mushroom toast—at bafflingly affordable prices.



Our pick for where to stay right now: the historic HILTON PARIS OPERA, which just received a \$50 million update. Read more on page

Pascade raises the bar for the kind of *crêpes soufflés* you'd find in the Averyon region. The menu's standouts are the umami asparagus maki and the spicy chicken yassa.



In the hip 11th arrondissement, this is the quintessential Parisian bistro. Everything on the chalkboard menu is wholly satisfying—but the steak au poivre with fries? Unbelievable.



A REAL FIXER-UPPER: WE'RE NOT REFERRING TO THE SIGHTS.

be SMALL

Discover a place where we have plenty of sights for sore eyes. Like clear blue water with schedule-conscious whale sharks to dive beside. Or towns that serve the southern-est BBQ where locals gladly share the not-so-secret recipe. Here, what you see is just the beginning of what you get. So wander away and you just might spot the most remarkable thing of all—you, fixed up.



KIDS IN TOW

Paris Avec Bébé? Mais Oui!

Play it right, and the city can actually be a delight with young ones. —LORA SHINN



Your Home Base

Rent an apartment in the central fifth arrondissement. That way you'll always be close to the **Jardin du Luxembourg**, a real crowd pleaser with timeless marionette shows, a carousel, and pony rides.



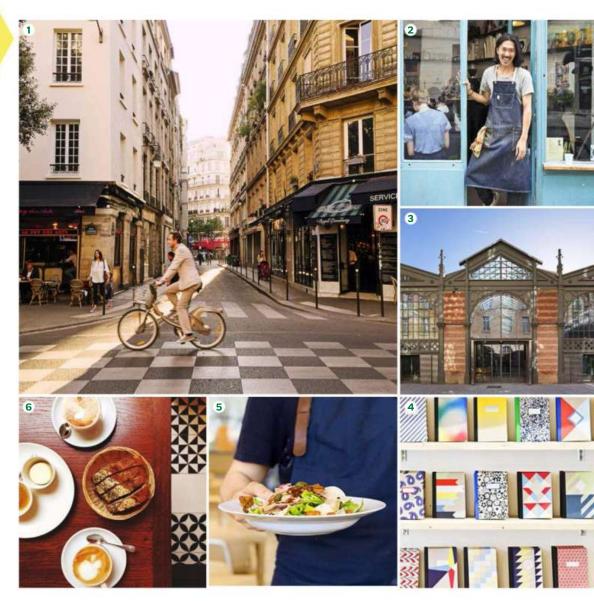
The Cure for Museum Fatique

In return for good behavior at the Louvre, promise your kids a morning of splashing, building, and playing TV star at the hands-on La Cité des Enfants.



Feed the Beasts

Capitalize on the city's fantastic **falafel**. Or, for a sit-down meal, find a **casual café** and pack crayons for the papercovered tables. Fair warning: If you don't bring a portable high chair, your toddler will wind up in your lap.



BEST OF LE MARAIS

This "it" neighborhood still reigns, but the action has migrated to its once sleepy northern tip.

What locals love about **Upper Marais (1)** is its wealth of stylish places designed for lingering. For instance, **Carreau du Temple (3)**, a covered market dating to 1863, hosts everything from fashion shows to fitness classes. (Look out for Gym Suédoise, a low-impact workout that's converted Parisians to exercise.) Nearby, in a robin's-egg-blue storefront, **Boot Café (2)** pours lattes made with beans from the highly regarded Belleville Brûlerie roasters. Browse **Papier Tigre**

(4) for a kaleidoscopic selection of notebooks and easy-to-pack accessories. To eat and peoplewatch, settle in at Les Chouettes (6), a soaring art deco brasserie with three levels, including a library. Or stop by Maison Plisson (5). Calling it a supermarket wouldn't do it justice: The produce is local, the meats are prepared by awardwinning butchers, and the selection of chèvre is vast. Stock up on provisions and have a decadent picnic at the nearby Square du Temple garden.

ATTN: AUDIOPHILES Pitchfork Music Festival, Oct. 29–31, will bring moody, sexy, very French sounds—including shoegazers Beach House and the Sade-like Rhye—to the Grande Halle de la Villette. It's the perfect excuse for a Parisian long weekend. —ANDREW RICHDALE



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ADAM SENATORI, ANDREW INGALLS, COURTESY OF FERNANDO J. URQUIJO/STUDIOMILOU, COURTESY OF PAPIER TIGRE, COURTESY OF MAISON PLISSON, LUCIANA CANI; BOTTOM: LAURE JOLIET



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GONIEGI

RESIDENT p.49

VIEWS FROM AFAR p.53

STAY p.61

SPIN THE GLOBE p.66

A group of sculptors, writers, and makers dines at artist Jack Pierson's cabin in the Mojave Desert. Find out what drew them together on page 53.



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It's really no secret that we're all about impeccable service at Small Luxury Hotels of the World. That's why we're looking for a further 25 mystery inspectors to embark on undercover missions at our 520 luxury hotels around the world.





Bremont's Mayfair storefront shows a nostalgia-tinged love of adventure.

Made in Mayfair

Nick English, cofounder of British watch company Bremont, shares his favorite spots in Mayfair, London's haven of sophistication.

as told to JENNIFER FLOWERS photographs by HARRY MITCHELL

HERE ARE PARTS of central London where the hustle and bustle can get you down, but Mayfair is an exception. The main shopping thoroughfares nearby—Piccadilly, Oxford Street—carry big labels and feel very touristy, but the minute you enter Mayfair, you go from being totally rammed to blissfully relieved. It's not really on the beaten track, not really a tourist destination.

For the most part, Mayfair hasn't changed for centuries. It's a place where locals work, and if you're a wealthy Londoner, you hang out and shop and dine here as well. From the Bremont flagship store just off Mount Street, the U.S. embassy is round the corner, and some of the best hotels, including Claridge's, the Dorchester, the Ritz, and the Connaught,

are a short stroll away. You'll also find unique retailers like Purdey, one of the oldest gun manufacturers in England; the famous suit tailors along Savile Row; and peaceful enclaves, including the gothic-style Farm Street Church. It's all cemented together by members-only British clubs like Harry's Bar and George—in fact, our boutique is happily sandwiched between the two. If you can't find my brother, Giles, he's always at George.

When Giles and I founded Bremont in 2002, one of our goals was to bring watch manufacturing back to the United Kingdom. You see a lot of Swiss watch companies but very few U.K. ones, even though there's a legacy of watchmaking here. Rolex started in London in 1905, and of course the world sets its time by Greenwich. There's a reason for that:

We have produced some of the finest timepieces in the world. And Bremont is now part of that tradition. We were recently commissioned to make custom watches for this year's Matthew Vaughn-directed comedy *Kingsman: The Secret Service*, about a British spy organization.

At our Mayfair boutique, we host monthly Adventurer's Club evenings where we invite Bremont ambassadors to come speak, such as mountaineer Kenton Cool, who climbed Mount Everest 11 times, and polar explorer Ben Saunders, who followed in Captain Robert Scott's footsteps to walk to the South Pole unsupported.

Being a homegrown company is key to who we are, and that's why it was natural for us to choose Mayfair as the site of our first shop. It feels so classically British.

CONNECT RESIDENT





1. GLOBE-TROTTER

"This company is more than a century old and makes beautiful handmade luggage. I like Globe-Trotter's carry-on size, because I rarely check my bags when I travel. The hard case allows me to pack fragile items and know they won't get squashed." 35 Albemarle St., globe-trotter.com



2. BURLINGTON ARCADE

"Here's the most special of all the shopping arcades in Mayfair. Burlington has a narrow hall with secondhand jewelry shops, antique watch stores, and cashmere vendors on either side. Don't miss the Linley boutique for its beautiful interior design goods." 51 Piccadilly, burlingtonarcade.com







3. MOUNT STREET DELI

"A casual coffee and lunch place, where sometimes you'll end up sitting next to local celebrities like David Beckham. The lunch menu changes daily—Parma ham sandwiches, oregano-roasted lamb—and for a treat, I love the cherry-topped pistachio cakes." 100 Mount St., themountstreetdeli.co.uk

4. BERKELEY SQUARE 💜



"Porsche, Rolls-Royce, Jaguar, and other luxury car companies have showrooms in this town square, which dates to the mid-18th century and is shaded by trees. There are lovely art galleries and auction houses such as Phillips nearby. On sunny days, you can eat your lunch here; Mount Street Deli is just a hundred yards away."





5. JAMES PURDEY & SONS LTD.

"Across the way from Bremont is one of Britain's oldest and most famous gunmakers. Purdey makes each component by hand, a process that can take two years. Wooden cabinets display their own handiwork, along with other antique pieces." 57-58 South Audley St., purdey.com



6. THE SERPENTINE

"In Hyde Park, near the Serpentine Gallery (above), there's a big lake called the Serpentine, which you wouldn't necessarily know about if you're not from London. It's a great place to have a picnic or rent pedal boats. You'll even see people swimming in their bathing caps-it's a very local thing to do."





7. PUNCHBOWL PUB

"Filmmaker Guy Ritchie used to own this local boozer, which is always packed. The vibe of the dining room, with its art decoinspired design, is very informal. Definitely order the classic Scotch egg from the bar menu."

41 Farm St., punchbowllondon.com

8. NORTON & SONS



"Savile Row is a renowned street for men's clothing, and each tailor has a unique style. It can be easy to buy something that's slightly dated, but Patrick Grant, owner and creative director of Norton & Sons, has a good eye and adds a current twist to his suits." 16 Savile Row, nortonandsons.co.uk



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Desert Wonder

The Mojave Desert is the unlikely home of a freewheeling creative movement.

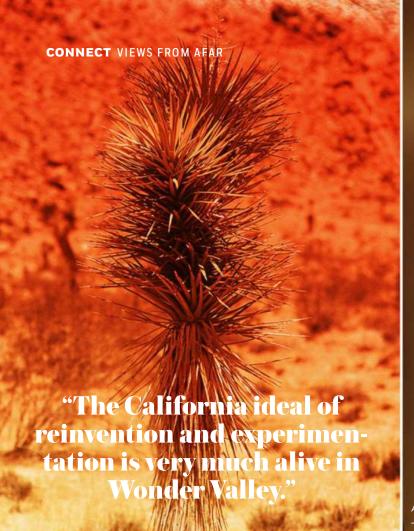
by AISLYN GREENE photographs by DAVID BLACK

me the most. As I drove the 60 miles from Palm Springs to Wonder Valley, I passed a towering bronze brontosaurus, a stop sign resloganed it's your decision, and an enormous rusty pinwheel that looked like the abandoned toy of a giant. I had expected to see spiky yuccas and old-timey saloons in the former frontier towns that border Joshua Tree National Park. But the

sculpture, mixed with miles of sunbaked sand and hand-lettered WELCOME HOME, TROOPS signs—a reminder of my proximity to the country's largest Marine base—created a kind of surreal *Where the hell am 1?* moment.

I was on my way to meet Alison and Jay Carroll, two recent desert imports hosting a release party for their new lifestyle brand, Wonder Valley, and its flagship product: a bottle of grassy green olive oil. The dinner is to be held in two cabins owned by artist Jack Pierson, known for his no-frills photographic portraits and word sculptures made with found objects, and it is to be made delicious by Zach Jarrett, chef de cuisine at L.A.'s unflaggingly popular Sqirl restaurant.

So, naturally, I have questions. After settling in, I pose the most pressing: Why are we here, 600 miles south of where their olive oil is actually made and two hours and several





cultural leaps east of L.A.?

"The California ideal of reinvention and experimentation is very much alive in Wonder Valley," Jay tells me as we watch the sunset intensify, the sky as vivid as the slice of blood orange floating in my cocktail. "There's an openness in the desert that's liberating."

"There's just room to create, to think, to contribute," Alison adds. "It really drew us in."

That freedom, they say, inspired them to build on Alison's expertise as the former marketing director for the California Olive Oil Council to create their own oil, but also to dream bigger: They have visions of a desertinspired brand that will include housewares, provisions, and other sundries.

They're not the only ones who feel this way. The guests who trickle in as the party kicks off-a parade of photographers, sculptors, and writers—are part of a new wave of creatives that spend at least half their time working and living in the desert.

"You can buy property for \$6,000," says Sue Wu, a writer who lives here part-time with her boyfriend, sculptor Alma Allen. "That's 🕥

The AFAR Guide to the Desert

We recommend taking the Twentynine Palms Highway from Palm Springs, then circling down through Joshua Tree National Park. Here's how to stay entertained along the way.

DO

There are dozens of hiking options within Joshua Tree, but a ranger favorite is 49 Palms Oasis, a threemile round-trip trek that leads to a true oasis of fan palms and shallow pools. nps.gov/jotr

STAY

Designer Blake Simpson crafted Mojave Sands over nearly a decade, and his detail-oriented vision is evident everywhere, from the perforated metal fencing to the hand-sculpted black

walnut bed frames. Amenities are slim, but what the motel lacks in room service it makes up for in sheer style. (Rooms include typewriters and solid record collections.) From \$150. mojavesands atjoshuatree.com

To get to Palms

Restaurant, drive to what feels like the end of the earth, then keep going. There you'll find a sprawling bar and concert venue that's as quirky as it is secluded. The decor (old-time

telephone booths, saloon-style signs), a killer pool table, and Sunday brunch attract both locals and L.A. weekenders. 83131 Amboy Rd., Twentynine Palms

There's a reason you'll find Pappy & Harriet's in almost every guide to the desert: This Pioneertown roadhouse attracts some of the most diverse acts that roll through SoCal. Eating Santa Maria-style barbecue in a faux saloon-part of an old Hollywood Western set-is the second-best reason to come. pappyandharriets.com



Learn more about Wonder Valley olive oil at afar.com/wonder.



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totally appealing as an artist. But you also have to figure out 'how do I get water?'"

The payoff seems worth the hardscrabble environment. As the dinner builds from creamy fava bean hummus to grilled quail to oil-filled avocado halves, I talk with several photographers, a self-described spiritualist,

that isn't just about being unshackled from email. There are no billboards, no boutiques, no trendy restaurants. Just mind-clearing vistas, unfettered time, and zero expectations. Consider artist Laurel Seidl's Glass Outhouse gallery, one of my stops along the way. Beyond a low-slung house, there's a

Out here, genius and cornball literally sit side by side. There are gun ranges and sound baths.

and a handful of other artists, all of whom touch on a similar theme. "There's something about looking at this flat, unchanging environment," says photographer Brendan Pattengale. "There's nothing to interrupt your thoughts, which leaves all this space for creation."

It all sounds a little woo-woo, but after a few days here, I get it. I feel loosened in a way

xeriscape of colored bottles, toy skeletons, and tin-can robots that would make Tim Burton salivate. Inside, I find striking black-and-white portraits next to plastic flower mosaics so kitschy I wonder if they're a joke. (They're not.) But out here, genius and cornball literally sit side by side. There are gun ranges and sound baths. There's room for everyone.

Three Desert Artists to Watch



SHARI ELF

At Elf's hideaway gallery, **Art Queen**, you can explore
the World Famous Crochet
Museum, buy a silkscreened
"What Would Cher Do?" tank
top, and wander through
her found-object sculptures,
such as the military vehicle
turned concert stage.

sharielf.com



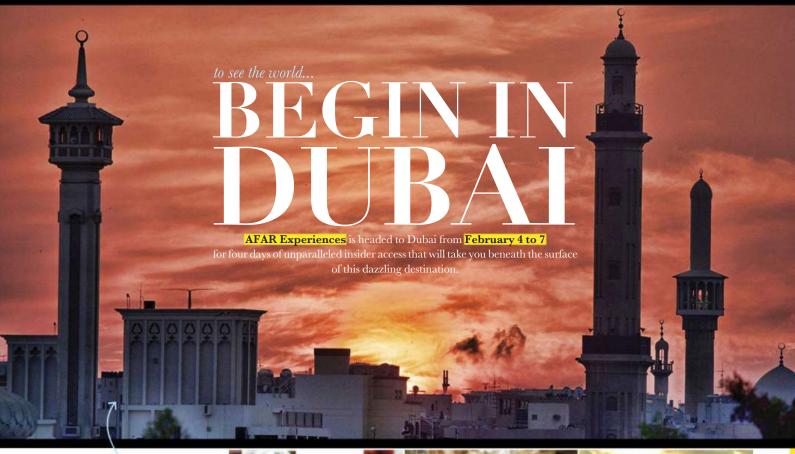
ANDREA ZITTEL

Her **High Desert Test Sites** is a combination studio, home, and public workshop that hosts artists from all over the world. Check the calendar for frequent community events or sign up for a tour of the 80 acres, where you'll explore sculptures and installations, including a shipping container compound. *zittel.org*



BRIAN BOSWORTH

A potter and longtime Joshua Tree resident, Bosworth sells his textured, geometricpatterned planters, vases, and mugs at **BKB Ceramics**, not far from High Desert Test Sites. bkbceramics.com The members of the AFAR Travel Advisory Council turn their eyes towards Africa, Asia, and the Middle East this month.



A new day begins in Dubai



WHETHER YOU ARE HEADED TO DUBAI FOR AFAR EXPERIENCES OR AT ANY OTHER TIME, YOU

can take advantage of the fact that it's home to Emirates, the world's biggest airline. The carrier's many flights make it a convenient jumping-off point to Africa, Asia, and the Indian Ocean. This month, AFAR's Travel Advisors have created exciting multiday itineraries in this fascinating emirate. plus multicountry itineraries that combine a stay in Dubai with another extraordinary destination. Whether you are interested in a safari or the seashore, exploring Petra or Pagan, AFAR's Travel Advisors will help you travel deeper.



AFRICAN ADVENTURES

Betty Jo Currie of Currie & Co.

recommends a trip exploring South Africa's restaurant and wine scene, all the more delicious given the dollar's strength. Four days in Cape Town (one of three Emirates destinations in the country) are followed by a visit to the Cape Winelands around Franschoek. Katie Cadar of TravelStore has created an African itinerary with opportunities to explore Soweto and sleep under the stars on a safari.



ARABIAN NIGHTS

Other destinations in the Middle East are, of course, right at Dubai's doorstep. Will Kiburz of Coronet Travel has created a seven-day itinerary in Jordan, three hours from Dubai on Emirates. Petra, with its famous treasury, is on the itinerary along with Jerash, one of the best preserved Roman provincial towns in the world, and Mount Nebo, with its ancient church and views of the Dead Sea.



EXPLORING OZ

Emirates has two flights a day from Dubai to Perth, the starting point for a six-day Margaret River biking trip designed by **Cari Gray of Gray & Co.** This region of Western Australia has vibrant artists' towns, white sand beaches, and countless wineries. Or you can visit other Indian Ocean beaches on the Maldives itinerary designed by **John Clifford of International Travel Management**.

VISIT afar.com/tacoctober2016 FOR ITINERARIES TO DUBAI AND SOME OF EMIRATES' 140 DESTINATIONS

- Dubai with Shelby Donley of Camelback Odyssey Travel
- India with Katie Cadar of TravelStore
- Sri Lanka with Judy Perl of Judy Perl Worldwide
- Thailand with Josh Alexander of ProTravel International
- South Africa with Lauren Maggard of Jet Set World Travel

DINE + STAY GETAWAYS

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PLANTERS INN + peninsula grill

Romantic garden dining beneath the stars at the only Relais & Châteaux establishment in South Carolina

THE SANCTUARY + the ocean room

The only steakhouse in America to earn both Forbes Four Star and AAA Four Diamond ratings

THE VENDUE + the drawing room

A boutique hotel that showcases original artwork and offers a vibrant approach to dining

WENTWORTH MANSION + circa 1886

Dine in the carriage house of this stunning four-story Gilded Age mansion-turned-inn

ZERO GEORGE + zero café

Hands-on cooking instruction offered in the original circa 1804 kitchen house at this 16-room inn

CHARLESTON, S.C.

The Must-See Soul of the South

A jewel box city that looks like it has been painted in watercolor, Charleston, South Carolina, is a visual feast of cobblestone streets, pastel colored homes, flickering carriage lanterns, and historic landmarks.

Travelers love Charleston, where church steeples not skyscrapers—dot the skyline. Life is accompanied by a gentle rustling of palmetto fronds and lyrical sea island accents. Every meal is savored and no one is a stranger for long.

"Charleston is endlessly photogenic." — AFAR

There are 69 flights that touch down daily in Charleston and more on the way, including new nonstop transcontinental service. Getting here has never been easier. Isn't it time you discovered for yourself what so many other travelers already love about Charleston?

WANDER When colonists settled Charleston in 1680, an urban development plan called the Grand Modell established an orderly grid of streets, which makes it fun to wander and difficult to get lost amid the charming streets lined with boutiques, galleries, and restaurants.











A growing number of talented entrepreneurs are drawing inspiration from Charleston's sunny weather and pastel homes for their jewelry, clothing, cocktail, and home decor collections. Discover these fresh products and brands at pinterest.com/explorechs.















Is it the colorful Antebellum mansions? The acclaimed restaurant scene? Whatever it is, Charleston exudes a gravitational pull for travelers as the one southern destination they absolutely, positively must visit.



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St. John's, Antigua

The Reefs Resort and Club

Southampton, Bermuda

Le Guanahani

St. Barthélemy, French West Indies

Belle Mont Farm on Kittitian Hill

St. Kitts

Grace Bay Club

Turks and Caicos

Dorado Beach, A Ritz-Carlton Reserve

Dorado, Puerto Rico

Aqua Wellness Resort

Tola, Nicaragua

Mandarin Oriental, Miami

Miami, Florida

XV Beacon

Boston, Massachusetts

Park Hyatt New York

New York, New York

Loews Regency Hotel

New York, New York

Langham Place,

New York, Fifth Avenue

New York, New York

The Cosmopolitan of Las Vegas

Las Vegas, Nevada

The Resort at Paws Up

Greenough, Montana

AKA Beverly Hills

Beverly Hills, California

The Scarlet Huntington

San Francisco, California

Cavallo Point Lodge

Sausalito, California

Mauna Kea Beach Hotel

Kohala Coast, Hawaii

Halekulani

Honolulu, Hawaii

Ritz-Carlton Montreal

Montreal, Canada

The Siam

Bangkok, Thailand

The Peninsula Hong Kong

Kowloon, Hong Kong

The Fullerton Hotel

Singapore

The Leela Palace New Delhi

New Delhi, India

Bulgari Hotel & Residences, London

London, United Kingdom

Singita Grumeti

Serengeti, Tanzania

The Residence Boutique Hotel

Johannesburg, South Africa

Learn more about the AFAR Collection and its members at afar.com/hotels/collection.



CONNECT STAY







GRAND HOTEL TREMEZZO

Lake Como, Italy The Grand Hotel Tremezzo has been the summer home for Europe's jet set since opening in 1910. Over the past five years, the Como-based De Santis family, which has owned the lakefront hotel since 1975, has ushered the grande dame into the modern era by building eight rooftop suites, expanding the spa, and adding a

hammam. Marble bathrooms and champagnestocked minibars make the rooms feel fit for aristocrats, but the hotel is far from buttoned up. Guests can splash around in one of three pools, including one that actually floats on the lake. Locals join guests at Saturday beach parties. From \$420. grand hoteltremezzo.com

HILTON PARIS OPÉRA

Paris

In January, Hilton debuted its \$50 million overhaul of one of Paris's most glamorous hotels. Opened in 1889 for the World's Fair, the landmark building in the Right Bank's Opéra district is walking distance from the Champs-Élysées. The elegant Haussmannian facade and public spaces, including a ballroom with vintage Baccarat

chandeliers and the frescoed lobby, were painstakingly preserved. Modern touches include heated bathroom floors and a state-of-theart fitness center. But the centerpiece is Le Grand Salon, where quests sip tea and champagne beneath a soaring ceiling supported by Corinthian columns. From \$307. hilton parisoperahotel.com

BELMOND PALACIO NAZARENAS Cuzco, Peru

stpetersburg

LION PALACE St. Petersburg, Russia A restoration and the addition of a spa and two top restaurants have made this the place to live like a modern-day czar. From \$322. fourseasons.com/

A member of the AFAR Collection, the convent-turnedhotel has original Inca walls and Cuzco's first outdoor heated pool. From \$595. belmond.com/ palacio-nazarenas-cusco

RITZ-CARLTON MONTREAL

Montreal, Canada This iconic hotel, also a member of the AFAR Collection, returned to its Gilded Age glory in 2012 after a \$200 million facelift. From \$420. ritzcarlton.com/ montreal





When the Marquis de Valle Flôr commissioned the Pestana Palace in the 19th century, he hired Europe's most talented artisans to re-create the frescoed ceilings, handpainted tiles, and delicate plasterwork he'd seen in Paris. Today, the hotel, in a quiet residential area near the historic Belém district, is just as fashionably ornate, attracting boldface

names such as Madonna and the king of Spain. Guests are welcome to wander the palmdotted gardens, which along with the hotel have been designated a national monument. Rooms feature antiques, artwork, and lavish fabrics, and the four royal suites also offer views of the Tagus River. From \$233. pestana.com

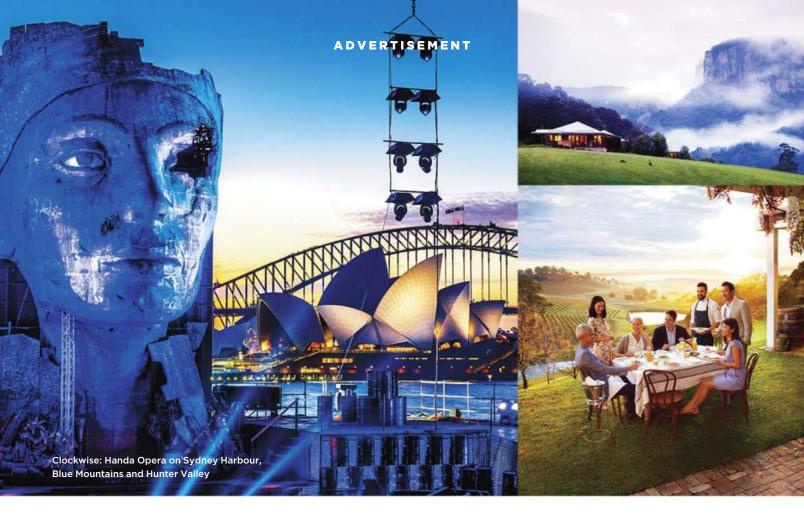
the Guinness family is as grand as ever after 15 months of upgrades. Set in a 13th-century castle—one of the oldest in Ireland—the hotel began welcoming guests again in March. The 82 rooms were meticulously updated with Connemara marble and drapes from the fabric makers for Versailles. And

In one of the public spaces, a mid-19th-century Jacobean revival carved oak fireplace was carefully preserved. On the estate's 350 acres you can ride horses, golf, flyfish, shoot clays, or learn to fly a hawk at the hotel's falconry school, then relax in the new billiards room and 32-seat cinema. From \$330. ashfordcastle.com

For seven years,
Jeremy Goring has
overseen the rebirth
of his family's Belgravia district hotel.
The renovation
was completed in
March, just in time
for the Goring's
105th birthday.
A favorite of the
royal family (Kate
Middleton spent
her last night as a
single woman here),
the hotel hired
four British design
stars and an army

of craftspeople to

create the new look. In the whimsical lobby, wallpaper is decorated to look as if the animals from the London zoo escaped into Hyde Park. The Goring's traditional tea service is still London's best, but the introduction of complimentary in-room evening cocktail service may soon become the most popular perk. From \$470. thegoring.com



ON THE SCENE IN SYDNEY

WITH SWAIN DESTINATIONS

Blessed with dramatic scenery, world-class beaches, and a lifestyle that is both sophisticated and laid-back, Sydney has a siren song for every type of traveler. Culture vultures will want to check out the historic districts and art scene, outdoorsy types can explore hidden beaches and parks, and gourmands will have their plates full discovering stellar restaurants. Beyond the city are the dramatic World Heritage-listed Blue Mountains, the bucolic Hunter Valley wine region, and the jetset beach town of **Byron Bay**. Among the specialties of Swain Destinationsthe leading U.S. provider of customized vacation experiences in Australia, New Zealand, and beyond—is making sense of all that Sydney offers and creating the perfect itinerary for you.

ART AND CULTURE

You can gain insight into Sydney's history from the indigenous Gadigal people to the notorious convict era—on a walking tour along the cobblestone streets in **The Rocks** in Sydney's Central Business District. Discover one of Australia's best art collections at the **Museum of Contemporary Art** (MCA), a landmark Art Deco building housing a 4000-strong collection of significant Australian works along with thought-provoking visiting exhibitions. (The breathtaking views of the **Sydney Opera House** and the **Sydney Harbour Bridge** from the terrace are works of art in themselves.) The city's calendar is filled year-round with cultural events, like **Handa Opera on Sydney Harbour**, when timeless works are staged in a spectacular setting.

SURF, SAND, AND SECRET BEACHES

Surfers, glamazons, and other locals mingle on famous **Bondi Beach**, just a ten-minute drive from downtown. Swim a lap or two at **Bondi Icebergs**, a historic swimming club with dramatic oceanside pool is one of the country's most Instagram-worthy spots. Off the beaten path,

hidden harbour beaches such as **Watson's Bay**, **Nielsen Park**, and **Lady Bay** offer sheltered coves and killer views of Sydney Harbour. In **Manly**, a seaside resort town, the family-friendly beaches, ice cream parlors, and fish-and-chip stores have a delightful retro feel.

CULINARY HIGHLIGHTS

Take a culinary odyssey through Sydney's globetrotting food scene, from dazzling fine dining at harborside icons **Quay** and **Rockpool** to casual/cool favorites like **Fratelli Fresh** and hipster dive **Shady Pines Saloon**. Sydneysiders are obsessed with breakfast, and there's no better way to start the day than with the ricotta hotcakes at **Bills**, a Surry Hills cafe. Leave room for the best Asian fare outside of Asia at either the beloved Thai restaurant **Longrain** or **Billy Kwong**, celebrity chef Kylie Kwong's Cantonese-Australian dining room where the flavors are as distinctive and multilayered as Sydney itself.



Customize your travel experience to Sydney by visiting: **swaindestinations.com**





Malaysia Meal by Meal

AFAR chose a destination at random and sent chef **John Currence** on 24 hours' notice to a hot, sweet, sticky country where he followed a trail through the cuisine to the people who make it.

illustrations by JULENE HARRISON

UMIDITY HITS LIKE A BRICK wall as I step out of the plane.
I am 36 hours and 13 time zones from my home in Oxford,
Mississippi, and know absolutely zero about
Malaysia other than what I have gleaned from a 15-page entry in a Lonely Planet guide. I am exhausted and slightly apprehensive but bursting with curiosity. After my cab crawls into town, I dump my gear, dying to roll.

"I want to take you to Chinatown. How adventurous are you?"

Jen Charm is my guide, and this is how she greets me as I hit the lobby of the Shangri-La, my home base in Kuala Lumpur, known to locals simply as KL, for the next six days. Moments later we tumble out of a cab into the soggy KL air and plow into one of the old quarters of the city. Chinatown, it turns out, is just slightly more Chinese than I am. The streets are lined with Thai and Vietnamese vendors hawking Louis Vuitton, Rolex, Ray-Ban, and Montblanc forgeries. Jen guides me through the pitchmen, down a side alley, through a wet market of fresh

fish and vegetables, and past a row of stalls serving up curries, noodles, and fish balls. Between two tents, we find Koon Kee Wan Tan Mee. A bowl of tender little noodles with a spicy beef sauce and crispy chicken feet slides in front of me. "You eat chicken feet?" Jen chuckles. They are rich and lightly spicy. Each nibble fills me with joy. The owner obviously sees few American faces in his place. He is ecstatic that I love his food and offers bites of several other things—pork with sweet barbecue sauce, a sour duck and egg soup.

My conversation with Jen turns to the struggles Malaysia has with immigrants flooding across its borders from the Philippines, Indonesia, Burma, Bangladesh, Thailand, and elsewhere. "The country has been prosperous," she explains, "and the Malaysian people don't want to do the unpleasant jobs." Jen spends her free time commuting to a refugee village several hours outside of KL to help teach

the new arrivals to build houses, thatch roofs, and cook with the ingredients and materials indigenous to Malaysia. But the commute is hard on her, at 52. "I will not be able to go much longer," she says. "I just love being able to help." We spend the better part of an hour looking at pictures of the families she has helped. She beams with pride. I can feel Jen's heart breaking as she shows me a picture of a woman wearing a pair of sneakers Jen had given her off her own feet. "They were the first shoes she'd had in years," she says.

Six hours into my first day, I give out. I tell Jen I have to crash before I soldier on. She offers to wait at the hotel, but I tell her to go home to her family. I will rest and venture out into the night by myself.

One long nap later, I find my way to Suraya, a cheerful, bustling, slightly chaotic Malaysian restaurant in Kampung Baru, a five-minute cab ride from the hotel. I am told to wait and am assured it will not be long. A dozen different people greet guests wandering in and tell them the same thing. Two young ladies dressed in the traditional Islamic hijab enter and stand to my left. I am suddenly taken by the arm and seated by myself at a table for four. I gesture to the two women that they may join me. It strikes me that I may be violating Muslim holy law, and I regret the potential embarrassment. But they look at each other, shrug, and sit with the out-of-place bald, chubby foreigner. Their names are Intan and Shuv. Though I assume I could not look any more American than I do, they ask where I'm from and perk up when they hear United States. I tell them I live in Mississippi. "Elvis!" Intan exclaims. "I love Elvis!" They both smile ear to ear.

A barrage of questions ensues. I'm here to taste Malaysia. I am a chef reporting on this intriguing place, and I'm in search of true Malaysian cuisine this night, I tell them. Delighted, they grab a menu, debate in Malay and English, giggle, and order. Plates with whole fried fish smothered in garlic-chili sauce, oxtail stew, greens braised in shrimp paste, and wood-grilled cockles arrive en masse. Intan and Shuv tell me about their families (they are both from Penang), their studies (accounting) at a local university, and their dreams of meeting husbands and starting their own families. They insist on seeing pictures of my wife and daughter and demand detailed information about my restaurants and what I do. I feel the rare tug of people genuinely wanting to know about who I am for no other reason than

because it somehow enriches them to have met someone new. The exchange of that currency, the palpable honesty of this momentary friendship, gives me peace. I leave feeling like I have been to the most moving church service imaginable. I sleep as well as I have in decades.

My other pilgrimage with Jen is to Brickfields, a low-lying suburb that is KL's Little India. Susila Vaaripan operates a bright, cheery place on Scott Street called Vishal. Jen has brought me here for the banana leaf rice. She gives me the full rundown on how to greet be entirely uncool in a Hindujoint. The roach scurries off. It visits the table of a family with three teenage girls. Not one screams or stands on her chair. It runs under the table of an older couple who merely acknowledge the cook's apology. The vermin pursuit ends when the gentle giant scoops up the insect and walks outside to the street, where he sets the roach free and says a momentary prayer before returning to the kitchen area, washing his hands, and going back to work. Everyone in the room resumes eating as if nothing had happened.

I tell them I live in Mississippi. "Elvis!" Intan exclaims. "I love Elvis!"

my host, how to eat with my hands, why using my left is frowned upon (of course, I am lefthanded), and how to fold the leaf when I am finished to show that I was pleased with my meal. A broad, waxy banana leaf is placed in front of me on the vinyl table covering, and rice cooked in coconut milk is heaped onto it. A gentleman comes by with stainless steel canisters of different curries and scoops them onto the rice. I take everything offered to me: greens, eggplant, lamb, chicken. Another man carefully dishes chutneys onto the banana leaf, next to the rice. A tiny stainless steel cup of rasam, a delightfully spicy lentil-tomato soup, appears, and finally, hot naan is dropped on the table. I dig in like I'm having my last meal ever. The flavors and textures explode across my palate.

Ms. Vaaripan joins us to say hello. We quickly collapse into a conversation about the importance of preserving tradition in food. Indian food, like Chinese, has mutated in Malaysia, but Ms. Vaaripan stays her course with astonishing results. As we natter away about heritage, I realize her cook is standing nervously behind me. Egotistical dickhead I am, I think he wants to say hello, so I turn to greet him with a big, dumb, presumptuous American smile. The hulking man is, however, looking directly past me toward the floor under the table, clutching a white napkin in his hands. I follow his gaze to the object of fascination, a giant cockroach. My immediate, hideous instinct is to stomp on it, but simultaneously I realize that such a gesture would

At home, the Internet would be melting with Yelp reviews and Instagrams of the chase. I am at once overjoyed and saddened.

After three days in KL, it's time for Penang. An easy, four-hour ride through beautiful countryside on a comfortable bus with Wi-Fi, drinks, and food service takes me to the old quarter of Georgetown. It's littered with cafés, art galleries, souvenir shops, and restaurants as well as temples. The buildings and colonial-era feel are the municipal love child of Havana and the French Quarter of New Orleans. A mutual friend had connected me with New York chef and Malaysian food maven Zak Pelaccio, who in turn gave me a laundry list of places to hit. I find Zak's do-not-miss spot, Fook Cheow Café. It is shuttered this day. A Confucius-looking elder out front points me down the street to Yi Bin. "Eat vinegar pork leg" is all he says.

Yi Bin is a tea parlor that looks like an apothecary, but it has a short menu of local Chinese dishes, including the pork leg I apparently have no choice but to eat. The owner breaks away from conversation with a pair of friends and seats me. I ask him if he will please select a couple of dishes for me and bring me his best tea. He dips in and out of tiny drawers, creating a tea blend. He delivers it in the most beautiful teapot I have ever seen. It is a miniature Dale Chihuly-Lewis Carroll acid trip in porcelain. I can't take my eyes off it. He then launches into a Gatling gun explanation of the teas and local flowers in the blend. It is about three levels above my Philistine whiskey and coffee connoisseurship; all I hear is white •

noise. The tea is soothing, like peppermint, but bright, like citrus, and has something plucky along the lines of rosemary. I stop thinking about it and enjoy.

Vinegar pork leg, wine-roasted duck, fried rice with greens and onion, shrimp chips, and a dark soup of dried mushrooms descend like an avalanche onto my table. They are each remarkable. I can barely write notes quickly enough, I am so rapt.

A white-bearded gentleman enters the room and clearly commands the respect of the group drinking tea with the owner. They all greet him enthusiastically but with reverence. When his tea is served, he sips it with the dignity of an elder statesman tasked with negotiating a peace treaty. Wisdom seeps from the cracks in his face. He turns to me suddenly and asks, "Who are you?"

I explain that I have come to Penang with the understanding it is ground zero for street food. "Where you eat?" he asks. I reply that I have a list of things I'd like to try but no plans yet. His stare of suspicion blossoms into warmth. "You come my house," he says. "My family has restaurant. I make Hakka!" The Hakka are an ethnic Chinese people-with origins in northern China centuries ago and a rich agrarian history in southern China-that have continued to migrate slowly southward and ultimately overseas. Their culture, dialect, and food remain alive and suited to survival in different places. Mr. Choi, the white-bearded man, is a durian farmer. Finding fresh durian is a bucket-list item for my trip. This is pay dirt, I think. But it turns out I won't be eating any. The "smell like hell, taste like heaven" fruit is not quite in season, Mr. Choi tells me. "Durian not ripe," he says. "Only durian here from Thailand. All crap!"

Back at the hotel, I consult the concierge and general manager about what gift to offer Chinese hosts who have invited you to their house. "Chinese love fruit," says the manager. "Pineapple symbolizes prosperity." It will be my mission to find the best pineapple I can. I spend the rest of the afternoon walking the streets, visiting temples, and snacking on samosas, fried shrimp cakes called cucur udang, and sticky rice cakes while I search for the perfect pineapple, which I find at a market a few blocks from my hotel. My mission completed, I return to my room and take a shower, and Mr. Choi arrives in his pickup truck to take me away to dinner.

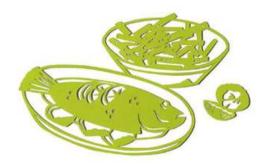
The next thing that happens illustrates my entire life in a nutshell. I climb into his truck,

and he immediately eyeballs the plastic grocery sack in my lap. "What you bring?" he asks. I tell him proudly I wanted to bring him and his wife a gift for having me over, so I got a pineapple because of its significance. I beam with cleverness. He looks at me wryly. "My wife dead. I farm pineapple, too," he says matter-offactly. He hands me a beer and grins.

At Mr. Choi's house/restaurant, Feels Like Home, I am seated at a corner table of the modest dining room. His daughter brings out plates of tender corn dumplings in a mushroom broth, "drunken" chicken that has been poached in cold rice wine, a "dragon's head" meatball, and what may be the highlight of the evening, a glass of near-frozen nutmeg juice.

confectionery business that supplies a number of the night markets with traditional Nyonya cakes: pandan leaf-wrapped concoctions of sticky rice, coconut, and palm sugar, colored by local flowers.

I find Baba Charlie's operation in a carport at the end of an impossibly narrow lane off the main road into Melaka. Five women seated at folding tables work diligently. It is clear from their expressions that tourists only complicate their time. One of them cuts bright blue squares of rice cake and wraps them in wax paper. I ask her if the basket of purple flowers across the table is where the cakes get their color. She nods, clearly hoping I will go away. I ask a couple more questions about flavoring and



A Confucius-looking elder points me down the street to Yi Bin. "Eat vinegar pork leg" is all he says.

Each bite is better than the last, and Mr. Choi launches into a disquisition on the importance of sustainable and organic farming. He says he works with a young man from an adjacent farm to provide vegetables for local schools. I could just as easily be listening to Alice Waters. It is the perfect sound track to one of the most comforting meals I have had in years. I have made a friend I will cherish for life.

Early the next morning, I take the bus toward Kuala Lumpur and continue two hours farther south to Melaka, once the most thriving port in Malaysia. The old part of town was home to influential and wealthy Chinese traders and the epicenter of the Baba Nyonya society, an insular culture of Chinese men (Baba) and women (Nyonya) who settled in the area, stuck to Chinese tradition and decor in their lavish homes, and developed a creole language and cuisine. My destination is Baba Charlie, a

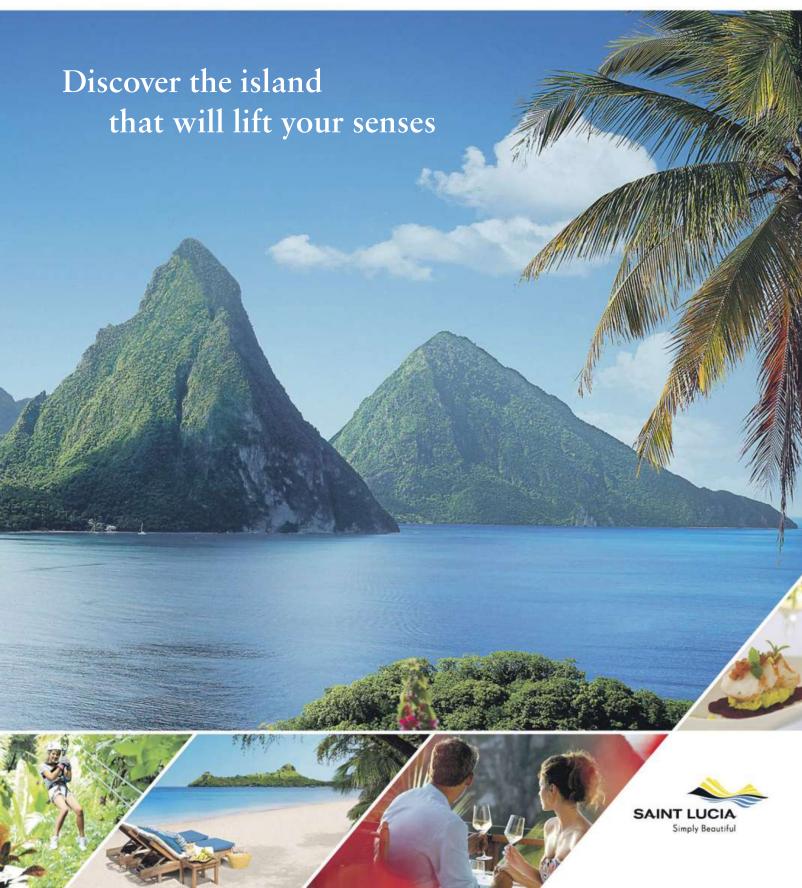
technique. The women seem to sense I know something about food, and before I know it I am seated at the table, being instructed in how to roll ondeh-ondeh-green glutinous flour dough balls-and stuff them with sweetened red bean paste. They will be boiled and rolled in coconut and sesame seeds. The ladies start talking about introducing me to their daughters. One hugs me and says I can stay and work with them as long as I want.

I am sad as I gather my things to leave. I have fallen for this sweet, sticky, and delightfully welcoming country. I came here looking for "cuisine." It exists, but it's for scholars and thick wallets. Better yet, I found food, beautiful food, and people who confirmed for me that food is only as good as the souls you share it with.

Writer John Currence is profiled on page 18.

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PARIS AND NEW YORK BETTER WATCH OUT. THESE SEVEN DESTINATIONS ARE NOW HOME TO MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES THAT WILL CHALLENGE YOU, MOVE YOU, AND OTHERWISE REMIND YOU WHY ART IS WORTH TRAVELING FOR.



HOUSTON

Everything—art included—is bigger in Texas

The Rothko Chapel's

24-foot-high canvases

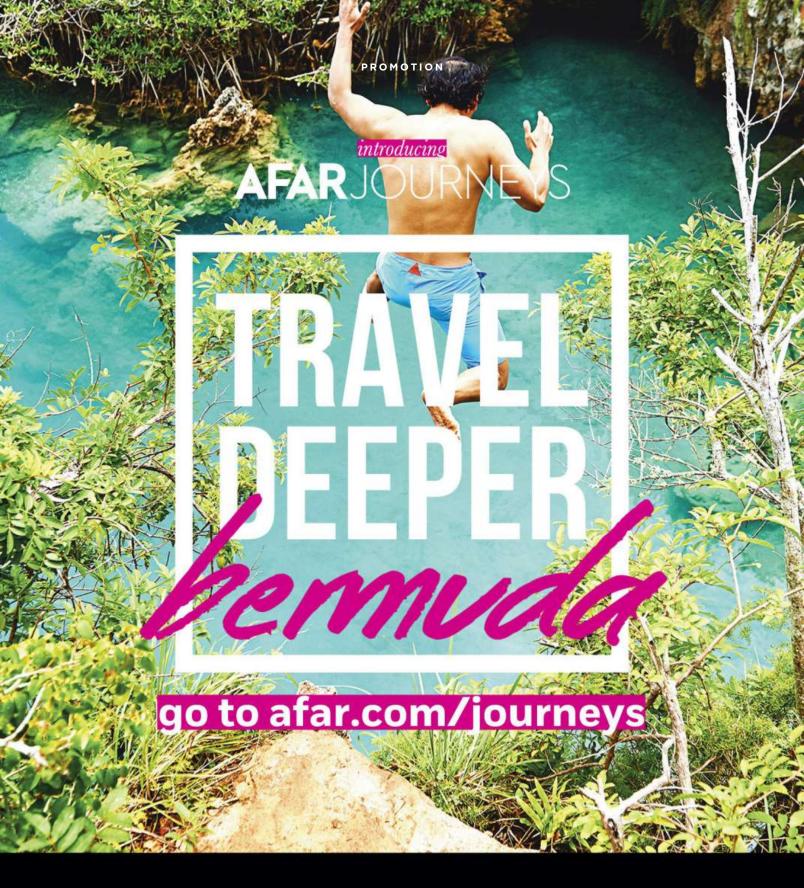
ONE OF THE RICHEST STASHES

of art in America is found deep in the heart of Oil Country:
The 1.5-mile radius of Houston's Museum District is home to
19 places to interact with art.
And in 2016, several museums, including the Menil Collection, are planning expansions. Perhaps the most transformative experience can be found at the Rothko Chapel. The 14 abstract Mark Rothko paintings that line the walls are monumental—the construction crew actually had

to crack the roof open and lower them in by crane—and that's part of their cathartic appeal. As you're looking up at a canvas of infinitesimal strokes, one moment, Rothko's colors appear to be black. Then a ray of light from the ceiling's aperture catches them just right, and blacks fade to deep purples and blues. When you snap out of your reverie and realize you've been staring for half an hour, a wave of calm washes over you.

MORE TO EXPERIENCE

Dan Flavin's fluorescent light sculptures at the Menil Collection • James Turrell's color-saturated underground tunnel at the Museum of Fine Arts • The Station Museum's powerful sociopolitical works



AFAR Journeys combines the expertise and insider access of AFAR's Travel Advisory Council with our commitment to experiential travel. The result is easy-to-book custom itineraries to the world's most fascinating destinations, including one of our favorite islands in every season, Bermuda. Our travel advisors' trips go beyond the beach so you can experience the island's culture, cuisine, many activities, and much more.



THE FIRST FOUR DAYS of October are the best possible introduction to Colombia's burgeoning art scene. That's when Bogotá mounts ArtBo, an art fair that pulls in work from 70 galleries around the world. More to the point, the fair shows off Bogotá's local talent, including Mario Arroyave, whose work is pictured

here. The top galleries are now clustered in the center of town and in areas such as San Felipe and Teusaquillo. ArtBo turns 11 this year, and this is the fourth fair under María Paz Gaviria Múñoz, who has put the event on the international radar. If you picture Colombian art as violent and outraged, you're due for

an update, she says: "A decade ago, art here was very much informed by armed conflict and social inequity. We see that less now. Personal themes are more common. Just look at the work of conceptual artist Nicolás Paris, illustrator Kevin Simón Mancera, and so many others from the younger generation."

MORE TO EXPERIENCE

Large-scale sculptural
exhibits at Beatriz Esguerra
Art Bogotá gallery
• Whimsical, ecocentric art
at Flora ars+natura

at Flora ars+natura
• Modern absurdities at
Galería Casas Riegner











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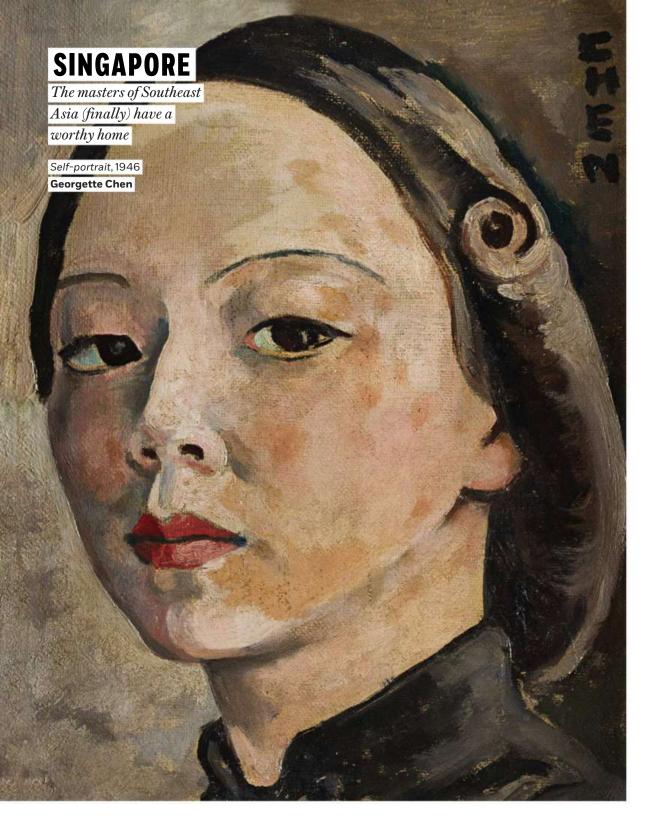
Nestled at the foot of the Golden Gate Bridge in national parklands just minutes from San Francisco, the award-winning and LEED Gold certified Cavallo Point Lodge features panoramic bay, bridge and city views. The lodge also offers the acclaimed Murray Circle restaurant and casual Farley Bar, the renowned Healing Arts Center & Spa, cooking school, art gallery, hiking, yoga and a myriad of activities. An extraordinary experience for couples, families, individuals and groups.

Top 10 Resorts in the Continental U.S. — *Travel + Leisure*



World Legacy Awards
Winner – 'Sense of Place'

— National Geographic



NOVEMBER'S HIGHLY

anticipated opening of the National Gallery Singapore marks a huge moment for Southeast Asian art. The \$530 million museum will be roughly the size of Paris's Musée d'Orsay, with 8,000 permanent works from the region that span centuries. Big-name artists

represented in the collection include Thailand's Montien Boonma, whose installations may be the closest visual approximation of the Buddha's sublime; Vietnamese painter Nguyen Gia Trí, whose mystical lacquered landscapes have shattered price ceilings at auction; and Singaporean masters such

as Georgette Chen. (In fact, fully half the museum is devoted to art from Singapore.) The work of the local legend feels like a collision of East and West for a reason: She spent her childhood in pre-World War France, her later youth in revolutionary China, then studied in New York and settled down in Singapore.

MORE TO EXPERIENCE

The Jackson Pollocks at Singapore Pinacothèque de Paris • 17 international galleries at the Gillman Barracks • Fairytale-like multimedia shows at the Singapore Art Museum



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DURING THE LAST FEW YEARS,

Downtown L.A. has often been tagged the hottest neighborhood in the country. With this month's opening of the Broad museum, it claims a new title: world capital of oddly beautiful buildings. Where else do you find a Frank Gehry concert hall with organ pipes shaped like

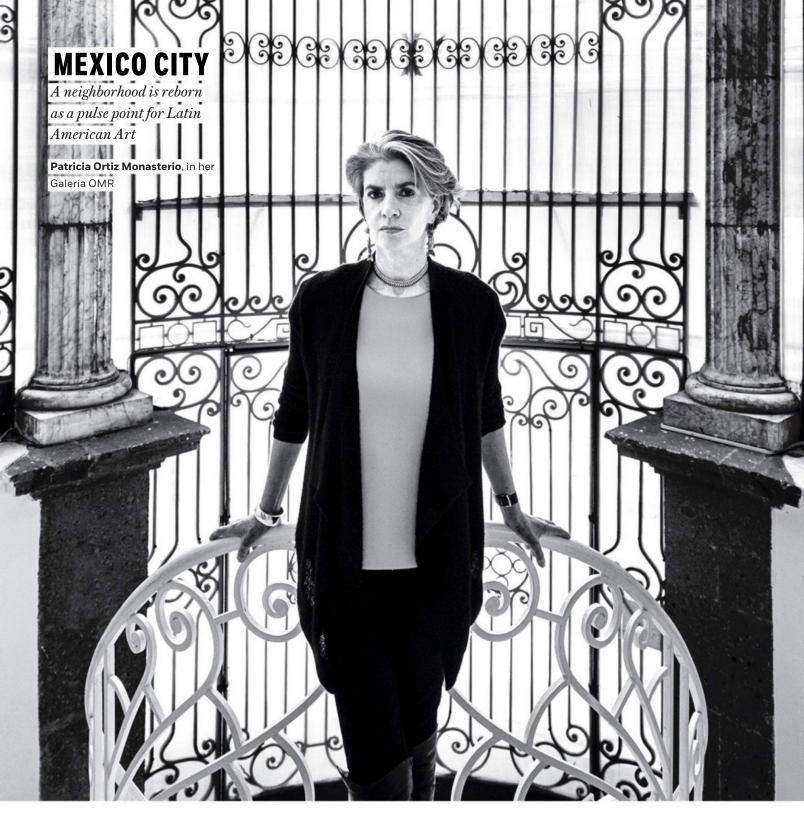
elegant french fries (the Walt Disney Music Hall), an alabaster-windowed cathedral that stands up to those in Europe (Our Lady of the Angels), and now the instantly iconic Broad, finally open after years of anticipation? Star architect Liz Diller laced the project with trippy details. Visitors are transported floor to

floor on cylindrical glass elevators. And sly windows double as peepholes into the museum's storage vault, filled with the Broad family's impressive trove of 2,000 works, including pieces by Jean-Michel Basquiat, Andy Warhol, Jasper Johns, and Cindy Sherman.

MORE TO EXPERIENCE

Downtown L.A.'s other big museum, the Geffen Contemporary at MoCA • International artists at the Mistake Room • MaRS, a new conceptual retail space that is actually a gallery





WHAT TO DO WITH block after block of gracious century-old homes that are completely outsized for modern life? In Mexico City's Roma district, they've been transformed into restaurants, stores, and-more and more—art galleries. The result is a strollable bohemian neighborhood dotted with plenty of places to see the latest talent in the Mexican and international art scenes. For a proper introduction, step through the grand wrought iron gate of Galería OMR's stone facade to check out the exhibits mounted by Patricia Ortiz Monasterio, her husband, Jaime Riestra, and, now, their son, Cristóbal Riestra, who is taking the gallery in a new direction. "He's very interested in artists with a conscience, such as Raúl Cárdenas," Monasterio explains. "Their work has to be beautiful, meaningful, and have social responsibility in mind. It's great for us to see that the gallery isn't growing old. It's incorporating new ideas and new artists."

MORE TO EXPERIENCE

Contemporary art with a science bent at MUCA Roma

- Vaunted Mexican artists
- at Proyectos Monclova
- Talcual, a gallery that buyers and critics frequent to discover emerging artists

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most awarded airline.













AWAY FROM DUBAI'S city center of skyscrapers, an unexpected artistic enclave has popped up on the tiny alley known as Alserkal Avenue. There, the owners of more than 20 galleries have created a safe place for artists to explore hot-topic political themes. Soon, their numbers will triple with the construction of 40 new creative spaces, many of them opening this fall. Some artists who have shown work in the neighborhood are political refugees, including Wafaa Bilal, whose haunting Ashes Series is an attempt to relate to the violence that rocked his homeland, Iraq, after the American-led invasion in 2003. From afar, he collected photos of the aftermath, re-created scenes, and then photographed the rubble, which included the ashes of organic material. "Twenty-one grams of ashes, to be exact," Bilal explains, "the same weight our bodies are said to lighten after our souls leave them."

MORE TO EXPERIENCE

The Third Line, a newcomer to Alserkal Avenue that is devoted to Middle Eastern art

- Anahita Razmi's irreverent photography at **Carbon 12**
- This fall, Ghada Amer's erotic illustrations at **Leila Heller**

CAPE TOWN

At last, the best African art is found in Africa



TRADITIONALLY, AFRICAN ART

has poured out of the continent to museums elsewhere in the world-often under dodgy circumstances. But the tipping point is here: Cape Town's Zeitz MoCAA Pavilion. It's the temporary home of a collection destined for Africa's first contemporary art museum,

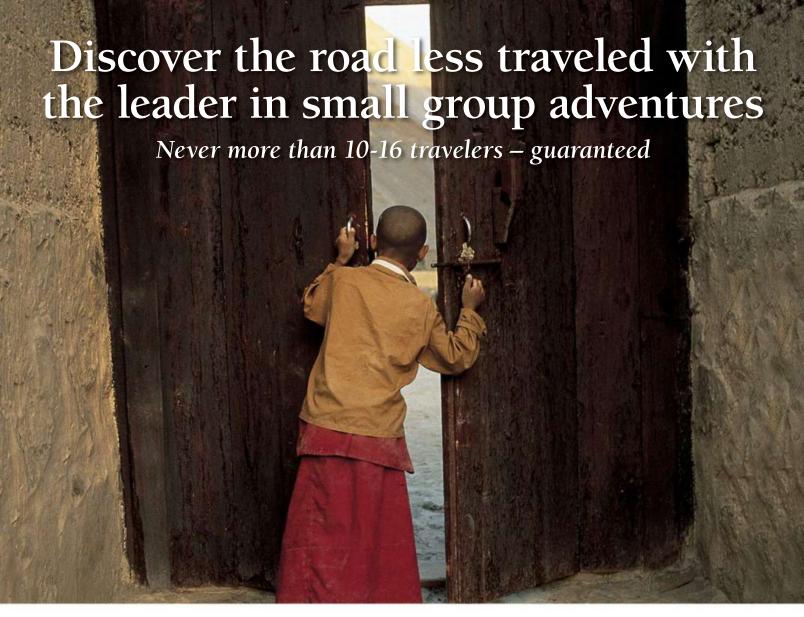
the splashy nine-story Zeitz Museum of Contemporary Art Africa, opening February 2017. The building is being carved out of a former grain silo by Thomas Heatherwick, the architect behind Google's new futuristic Silicon Valley headquarters, and will be loaded with the continent's edgiest works, including

those of Swaziland's Nandipha Mntambo. "She salts cowhide, drapes it over a woman's body, and dries it so the shape is preserved," explains director and chief curator Mark Coetzee. "The female body has been such a contested place, and her art evokes these questions of women's roles in society."

MORE TO EXPERIENCE

When completed, the Zeitz Museum's **Moving Images** Institute will feature Kudzanai Chiurai's psychological films • Traditional African body decoration will be displayed at the Costume Institute

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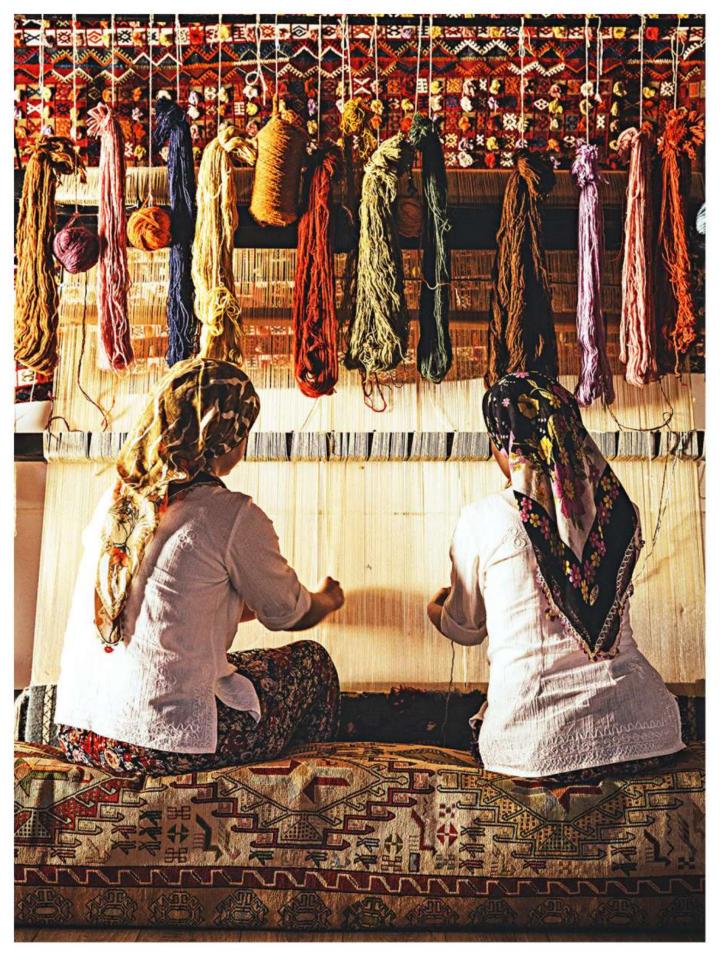
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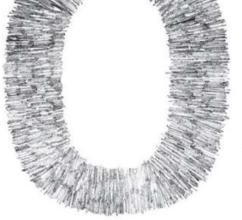


Threads of beauty, history, and memory make a Turkish carpet much more than a souvenir.









"OK, ELEANOR," I SAY, FIGHTING BACK A SNEEZE

from the spice stalls and the other smells of Istanbul's Grand Bazaar, surrounded by men smoking, arranging themselves like birds on a wire while their wives gawk at wedding dresses that seem to have been made of marshmallows.

"OK, Eleanor. This is for you. For you, I'm going to bargain. I'm going to haggle. I'm going to buy. I owe you this one."

I'm on a mission.

When I was a kid, my mom's sister, Eleanor, would appear on our doorstep as unexpectedly as a lawn flamingo coming out of a magician's hat. She'd confetti the air with coins from extinct countries, arm us with Gurkha knives and

lion spears. She'd tell us about riding elephants in India, about watching women in bowler hats chase wild llamas in the Bolivian mountains. From the 1960s into the 1980s, Eleanor traveled the world alone, armed only with a courage that took me years to truly appreciate and a bra stuffed full of local currency, leaving in her wake stall dealers and vendors laughing about the stuff the short fat American bought.

By the time her final days rolled around, she shared her apartment with every incredibly tacky thing offered in every market across five continents: bowls that leaked, candlesticks that fell over, ponchos full of moth holes that actually improved the fabric pattern, salad tongs that should have stayed trees, and pipes and hookahs and all the equipment necessary for a dozen vices she didn't have.

The family fights began before the funeral was even over. "You take it." "I'm not gonna take it, you take it."

I took nothing. In our last conversation, she asked what I wanted. "You gave me the idea that the world is a playground," I said. "I don't need things."

But lately, I've been wondering. Did I underestimate her taste the same way I did

her courage? Was the Turkish carpet—made, as best I could tell, of wool dyed in Pepto-Bismol—that she'd unroll to bring us the world perhaps not really just a place to sit? Maybe it was a door I didn't look at long enough. Because after 25 years of serious travel, after I've seen maybe double the number of countries Eleanor went to, pretty much all the souvenirs I've ever bought would fit in a shoebox.

Yet, even if I don't have anything I chose myself, I do still have those little memory bombs of Eleanor—long-ago days, sprawled on the Magic Pepto Carpet while she'd show me a postage stamp of exotic animals, a coin with the image of a king who had already been erased from the books. Eleanor's rule number one: There's always time to sit and tell stories.

Now, for my own memory of Eleanor, I'm going to buy a carpet of my own—to prove that souvenirs don't have to be tacky. To leave behind something that the family will fight over with avarice. And maybe I'll find that one thing that will frame my memories of my travel, the still spot in the world where it all began with my favorite aunt.

I wouldn't be here if it weren't for her. So let this story start.









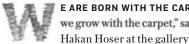












E ARE BORN WITH THE CARPET, we grow with the carpet," says

Hereke Hali, just outside the Grand Bazaar. On my first try in the shopping maze, I lasted less than 15 minutes before fleeing like I had the last scoop of brains in a zombie movie, chased by salesmen yelling, "Carpet, you need carpet, we have best quality!" But here, the gallery is hushed; carpets come and go as if piloted in when I wasn't looking.

In the glory years of the Ottoman Empire, home began with the carpet. They were beds, pillows, and vital parts of every dowry. Some were woven in designs so sacred only the royal family could possess them. Others, slung as cradles, rocked babies, and one's first exploration of the world was crawling across the geometry of fine weaving, a way of learning early that the world is mostly soft, with exquisite detail.

What sets the Turkish carpet apart from,

say, its Moroccan or Nepali cousins, is not just the patterns, the intricacy and language of thread, but the technique. For every other weaver in the world, it was good enough to weave the woof (horizontal) thread once around the warp (vertical) thread. But, in a tremendous fit of 6th-century masochism, Turkish weavers decided one knot simply wasn't enough, and they went back around for a second time. It left generations of women with hands like lobster claws. But it also left an end result of almost indestructible rugs, ones that shine like a prism catching passing light.

"One hundred sixty-four tribes were subjected to the Ottomans," Hakan says, "and each area had its own designs." He spins out silk-on-silk carpets-"up to 4,000 knots per square inch." Then wool on cotton-"perhaps 500 knots per inch." Each knot slowly builds toward meaning. An oil lamp in the design represents celestial light; woven pomegranates signify abundance in their scatter of seeds; a

careful arabesque of knots bounces the evil eye back to the sender. Colors were made from the landscape of home itself: blue from cobalt, tan from crushed walnut shells, golden yellow from saffron, a single gram of it enough to tint 100 kilograms of wool. "Move to the east," Hakan says, "the colors get darker. Move to the coast, you can see lighter colors."

Could my shopping trip be this easy? We spend a happy hour sipping tea, and after looking at perhaps a hundred carpets or more, I have the choice down to two. One has a bright red center panel; inside are geometric designs like diamonds at play inside a field of flowers. The other one is even more abstract, a tree of life or a game of Hangman that went bad.

Yeah, these could be my magic carpets, like Eleanor's Pepto number.

Years ago, I worked for an art dealer. I also spent decades selling rare books, books as art. Maybe that's why I don't buy, because I learned to sell, to let things pass through my life. But I have also taught customers that the way to shop for art comes down to just one simple rule: If you fall in love, you buy, and you never regret it. But if you hesitate, it probably wasn't love at all.

And I am in love with these rugs. I respect this dealer and his shop. I know I would never get tired of looking at these rugs. I close my eyes, and it's the trees that linger, so I'll buy the stick-figure design and spend the rest of my trip looking at Byzantine mosaics. Mosaics make a good story of the place, each tile adding to the design like the knots on a thread.

Which is when the dealer makes a fatal mistake. "Let me show you one more, just because it is beautiful." And oh, oh it is. It is. The pattern is like the architecture of a cathedral done in reds and blues. It makes the other two carpets look like 1970s shag.

"The carpets are a dying art," Hakan says. "The number of looms is getting less and less every year. The ladies would rather do something more profitable."

And then he names his price. It equals two months of my rent back home. Is that what tying a couple million knots is worth?

It is definitely more than my credit cards allow. But wait, that's why I came here: to haggle. I take a deep breath, and make a counteroffer. He just shakes his head. "We could talk five more minutes or another hour, the price won't change," he says. But he lets me take a picture of the rug, and clearly he's happy that he showed me something I like so much. Forget the sale. Share the beauty and give thanks for this chance to share in an art that's fading away even as we speak.

TURKISH CARPETS

At Orient Handmade Carpets, Recep Sefer, a fifth-generation carpet dealer, stocks more than 40,000 woven masterpieces from Turkey and beyond, some of them dating to the 17th century. Follow his tips to shop like an insider.

The most important step is choosing

a reputable shop, Sefer says. Research places online and in guidebooks before you arrive. Look for ones that have a long history. In Istanbul, ignore the advice of your hotel concierge and taxi drivers. Everyone will say he has an uncle or a cousin who's a carpet dealer, according to Sefer, but that's usually a kickback cover. When you're walking around, only visit shops that have fastidiously arranged carpet displays outside and organized interiors.

2

When you enter a store, tell the dealer what you're looking

for. Having a size, color, material, or design in mind will help him sift through hundreds-sometimes thousands-of options. As he shows you examples, he should be knowledgeable about where they came from. "Every carpet has a story," Sefer says. "You're buying the history, too."

Once you pick out the ones that catch your eye, carefully examine them. For wool carpets, press your fingers into the surface. If there's little resistance, the wool isn't very strong. Take a close look at the colors; even pastels should be vibrant—an indication of good dyes. Next, flip the carpet over and examine the knot

density. The more knots, the sharper the design on the front and the finer the carpet.

4

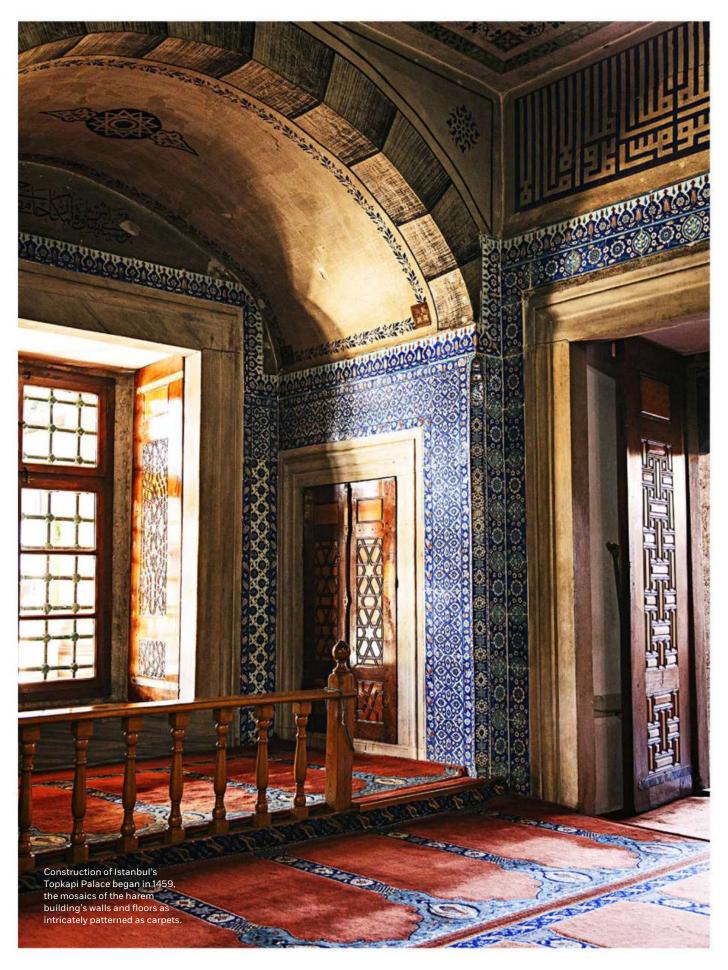
When you're ready to buy, the dealer will name a price. To start bargaining, ask for a discount without mentioning a number.

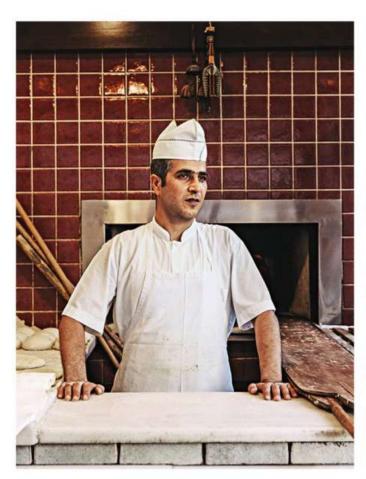
You can also politely say that the amount is over your budget. Once you sense that the dealer has reached his final number, Sefer suggests asking for another 15 or 20 percent off. If he gives you 10 percent, don't keep pushing.

Orient Handmade Carpets. Orient Grand Bazaar, Nuruosmaniye Caddesi No. 68, Cagaloglu-Istanbul, 90/(0) 212-520-0300, orienthandmadecarpets .com -Lara Takenaga











The question becomes, if you've seen the absolute best, why bother with something less? That's why I walked out of Hakan's shop. That one's my dad's rule—buy well, buy once.

My dad would not last five minutes here. Buying a Turkish carpet requires the stamina of a marathon runner. A single city block can sport a dozen shops, and there's no escape until you've looked at dozens of rugs, drinking at least two cups of tea while the rugs lay their beauty out like a tray of Turkish delight.

Each shop is also an exercise in keeping silent—never start bargaining until you genuinely mean it—and training the eye while narrowing the wants. After three or four shops, you can tell at a glance the quality of the carpet by how crisp the design is; after a few more shops, you know the feel of 500 knots per square inch versus 200. Most of the rugs I'm looking at are maybe 50 years old, relics of the time before everyone worried about time.

By noon, I'm comfortable with the fact that for the size rug I want—about four feet by seven—opening price will be between \$1,500 and \$3,000, depending on the shopkeeper's hope of how full my wallet is. A Turkish law dictates how high an opening price is allowed

compared with reality, but who knows what it is. As for me, I've set a limit: I can buy a rug equal to about one month's rent. Which would make it the most expensive thing I've ever bought that doesn't have an on/off switch.

Each time I linger at a rug in Istanbul, the dealer will tell me it's from Konya, in the center of the country. More rugs appear quickly, icky floral motifs, the smell of mothballs. If I pause, it's Konya, always Konya.

And then I find out Konya is where the whirling dervishes are. And where the Sufi poet Rumi is buried. And I can fly there for less than 50 bucks. And I do fly there, on 50 bucks of hope that despite what everyone said back in Istanbul—that there simply are no weavers doing fine work anymore—some kind of traveler's luck would hold and I'd magically end up surrounded by weavers.

OU DON'T HEAR "RUMI" IN KONYA.

In his adopted home, he's Mevlana—
saint, mystic, and, 700 years past his
death, still probably the best-selling poet in
the world. "My soul is from elsewhere, I'm
sure of that, and I intend to end up there,"

Mevlana wrote.

Born in Afghanistan during the world's war with the Mongols, Mevlana inherited his father's post as a professor of religious sciences in 1231, but wandering feet brought him to Konya, where he met Shams of Tabriz. Shams introduced him to Sufism, an Islamic creed based on mystical, ecstatic expressions of devotion: music, poetry, and the whirl.

"There," says Cengiz Kellekci, pointing to a street corner. "That's where Shams and Mevlana met." I'd met Cengiz, a travel agent, through one of the rug sellers in Istanbul, a Konya man who'd called ahead on my behalf. But when I ask Cengiz about carpets in Konya, he looks at me like I'm joking. "No, all gone." From what I gather, I could have landed anywhere in the country and gotten the same answer. Why doom your grandmother to carpal tunnel syndrome when you can buy a factory-made kilim, a single-knot rug, at the department store?

A younger version of me would be disappointed, or at least make a note for my future self: Do more research. But Cengiz is proof that sometimes you really do get what you need. With no grandmothers and their looms to track down, he shows me the rest

of his world: museums of carpets and musical instruments, facades carved in script carrying secrets down the centuries.

And the tombs. So many tombs of so many Sufi saints.

Near the town's foothills, an entire neighborhood has turned out at Atesbaz-i Veli Turbesi, the local saint's tomb, for the last day of Muharram-which is Ashura, the day of remembrance. A couple hundred people stand around a pickup truck, springs sagging under the weight of huge barrels of what is apparently every nut, every bit of sugar for miles around, all cooked down into a porridge.

I'm quickly spotted, bowed to-right hand over the heart-and taken to the front of the line for a bowl. A couple of men gesture to space on their patch of curb. To share in the nazri is to commune with God, and I hope among her rugs and salad sporks and emu-egg Christmas ornaments, Eleanor also had this

AN INSIDER'S GUIDE ISTANBUL

To capture the photos you see here, AFAR tapped Karen Fedorko Sefer, whose company, Sea Song (seasong .com), builds customized itineraries to help travelers go deeper in Istanbul and other parts of Turkey. Here are a few of many potential highlights.

Check in at the House Hotel Bosporus, a 19th-century mansion that was once the residence of Simon Balian, architect of Dolmabahce and Ciragan Palaces. See Istanbul from a private vacht cruise on the Bosporus, with views of shoreline villages and Ottoman summer palaces. Visit the Macar Feyzullah Pasa Kosku mansion, for a lunch and tour at the home of an Ottoman art expert, interior designer Serdar Gulgan. Spend a private evening in the Hagia Sophia, the former Greek Orthodox cathedral and imperial mosque. Join modern art expert Isabella Icoz on an art walk through Istanbul's galleries and meet the city's up-andcoming artists.

Book your next Istanbul trip through AFAR Travel Advisory Council member Betty Jo Currie at Currie & Co. Travels Unlimited, bettyjo.currie@afar.com, 404-254-5677

souvenir: a moment of sharing in a life you hadn't known before to even imagine.

By the time I get to Mevlana's tomb, the sun is starting to soften. The poet's sarcophagus lies covered by a huge, heavy blanket in a thousand shades of gray, as if the afterworld were cold. The walls behind are decorated with calligraphy, the perfect genre for a man of words. But I'm more interested in his actions, such as the time Mevlana whirled at a funeral, motion celebrating the meeting of soul and heavens. And the whirl goes on.

In a specially built theater in the round, maybe a mile from Mevlana's tomb, the dervishes walk slowly into the room's heart while a man sings in one of the most haunting voices I've ever heard; if wolves understood canto form, they'd sound like this.

Then the dervishes begin to turn. One moment they're still, the next they're a blur, a dozen men, arms upraised, whirling smoothly as ballerinas. They cock their heads to the right, their white robes billowing to make a sail to catch the music. The twirling seems mostly a matter of flexible ankles on a three-step-but how on earth do they keep their arms over their heads like that for so long?

Mevlana's poem explains: "Your legs will get heavy and tired. Then comes a moment of feeling the wings you've grown, lifting."

Almost anywhere you go in the world, ritual movement runs clockwise. The dervishes, though, spin counterclockwise, as if coming around to meet the world face to face, to greet its arrival. As Mevlana says, "We have gone to heaven, we have been the friends of the angels, and now we will go back there." All of which seems like what I want from the carpet. A place to meet the world face to face, like I did when I was a little kid, and Eleanor's stories sang off the Magic Pepto rug.



ACK IN ISTANBUL, I DO THE SMALLshop shuffle for another day, but my eyes are starting to hurt from looking

at so many bad rugs. Finally, I walk into the biggest carpet store I can find, figuring that to finance that much urban real estate, the merchant is either a highly skilled thief or has good carpets.

It turns out the shop, Sedir Art Gallery, has really good carpets. I'm quickly settled in with the inevitable apple tea-I'll actually miss this stuff when I go home-and the show begins, three assistants twirling carpets like pizza dough, unrolling fields of color, flowers, trees, minarets. They bring more.

"If you don't see the fish below the water," the shop owner, Bayram Karaselek, says,

"there is no reason to start negotiating."

We quickly narrow down my taste: Konya, dark colors, architectural. "Not a prayer rug but prayer design," Bayram says. His assistants go to the corners of the room, grab a half dozen rolled carpets. Out comes one with a central lozenge shaped like the heart of the last star I remembered to wish upon, a blank spot surrounded by a riot of design.

My rug. I can hear it breathing.

But not wanting to tip my hand so soon, I wave away some-but not all-of the other rugs, saying, "How about that one? And that one?" At last I point to this four-foot-by-sevenfoot chunk of paradise.

He quotes a price that is equal to six months of my rent. I'm very proud of myself for keeping a straight face. "I can only offer a price that would be an insult to you," I say.

One month's rent.

Bayram does not keep a straight face, but he doesn't really have anywhere else to go, either. Assistants toss more rugs out as bait. Cast and reel, cast and reel. Bayram offers other prices. I stick to mine as we look at these products of the fine generosity of sheep and the artisan hands of ladies.

"When you walk on something beautiful, you want to feel it," he says. "Take your shoes off." Even that's not enough; we end up lying down on the rug to truly experience how soft the thing is. A low-quality rug, he tells me, takes about four months to make. One of this quality takes eight.

At last, after two hours of me saying "That's all the money I have," Bayram laughs. "And what if I offered to sell it to you for one dollar more?"

"Then I'd say thank you, but I can't buy your rug."

And he laughs again, gestures to his assistant, who starts folding it in a particular origami that means SOLD.

I'll take it home. I'll stake it out as the center of my universe. Eventually, my nieces and nephews will have children who will puke on the rug, puppies that will chew the corners. Because you live with the rugs.

As for me, until that happens, I'll remember Eleanor's love of all the pieces of the world she carried home, including her own Pepto-pink rug. I'll spin on the carpet with the angels, catch the world coming around the other way, and smile, joyful at the meeting.

Edward Readicker-Henderson wrote about the healing waters of Lourdes, France, in the August/September 2014 issue of AFAR. Photographer Dustin Aksland is profiled on page 18.

























hink of Jessica Antola as a chronicler of the world's closets. She has photographed everything from Vietnamese street style to the urban runways of her home base, Brooklyn, New York. But with seven trips to Africa under her belt, it's clear she has a particular love for the fashion of the continent's many cultures.

Her latest visit was a monthlong road trip through West Africa, which introduced her to masked voodoo dancers in Burkina Faso, bejeweled women in Benin, royalty in Ghana—and the idea of fabric as a kind of currency.

"I love the traditional resin-printed textiles known as Dutch wax, worn primarily in West Africa," she says. "I learned on this

trip that fabrics from Vlisco—one of the most renowned makers—are so valuable that a customary bridal dowry needs to include several of them in different patterns that reflect good luck in marriage, fertility, and wealth."

The photos on these pages, most of them imprompt ushots, show those fabrics in their real-life settings.

"I took photos of people I met in the markets, in the villages, even randomly on the road," Antola says. "One morning, we were driving down a dirt road in a remote area of Burkina Faso, and we passed this amazing woman balancing a sewing machine on her head. I stopped the car, walked back, and convinced her to pose for me." (See the photo on page 8.) —AISLYN GREENE





H A N D M A D E

IN A CITY KNOWN
FOR ITS RICH
HISTORY, A NEW WAVE
OF ARTISANS IS
MAKING KYOTO THE
PLACE TO BE NOW.

手作

by
TOM DOWNEY
photographs by
HIDEAKI HAMADA





Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines, the cobblestone streets with old wooden buildings housing shops that sell samurai swords and kimonos, the glimpses of clip-clopping geishas—are exactly what kept me from returning to this ancient capital for a long time after my first visit. I just don't like dead places, and Kyoto seemed to be moving toward a Venice-style moribundity, superficially alive for tourists but losing its local soul.

he attractions that draw

Kyoto every year-the

some 50 million tourists to

But in recent years, I had heard, some of Kyoto's historic crafts such as bonsai, natural fabric dyeing, paper-making, glassblowing, and silk weaving were thriving in new forms, reinvigorated by people who had entered these fields not merely out of fealty to centuries-old family traditions. These artisans were not content to repackage stale offerings for foreign tastes but were reinventing products and creating new designs that appeal to top fashion designers, artists, interior decorators, and stylists both in Japan and all over the world. Perhaps they could convince me that there is life in Kyoto yet.

"My father didn't want to take over this business," says Takahiro Yagi. "But he had no choice." Yagi is a sixth-generation member of a family of craftsmen who have made Kaikado brand tea leaf caddies since 1875. Before the advent of the tin tea caddy, merchants had to carry leaves in enormous and weighty earthenware or pewter vessels to keep them dry. But with the opening of Japan to the world in 1875, tin imports were allowed, and the Kaikado business was born.

Yagi and I are standing in the showroom next to the Kaikado workshop in a Kyoto neighborhood that, until just 10 years ago, was a red light district. The products on display are made of tin, brass, or copper, and part of their beauty is the unpredictable but pleasing patina they acquire after years of use. They are also prized for their longevity—and their lifetime guarantee. "A few years ago, someone brought in one of our tea carriers that was over 100 years old," Yagi says. "It had been owned by a grandparent and had broken. We fixed it."

That century-old caddy would not have been much different from one made at Kaikado today. "There are 130 steps involved in making each piece," Yagi tells me, "and the process today is 99 percent the same as it was 140 years ago." We walk outside to the adjacent workshop, and on the way Yagi points to the ground and says, "During World War II, the government stopped us from manufacturing. They wanted to confiscate all our tools, but

A Kaikado apprentice, below, shapes a metal tea caddy by hand. The finished wares are displayed in the adjacent shop, above.





KO KADO

GRAPHIC DESIGNER + PAPERMAKER

Kamisoe, est. 2009

PRODUCTS

Hand-printed paper, including stationery, wallpaper, and *shoji* screens

TECHNIQUE

Original patterns embossed using traditional *karakami* woodblock printing 11-1 Higashi Fujinomori-cho, Murasakino Kita-ku, 81/(0) 75-432-8555 kamisoe.com



Karakami paper arts originated more than a thousand years ago in Tang dynasty China. In contemporary Kyoto, designer Ko Kado uses ancient methods to execute his modern designs.



NAOYA ARAKAWA

MASTER GLASSBLOWER

Seikosha Glass Studio, est. 1981

PRODUCTS

Tableware, decanters, sake vessels, lamps, candle holders, and art pieces

TECHNIQUE

Handblown glass distinguished by organic shapes and bubbles captured in the glass 629-1115 Funai Kori Miyako, Tamba Town, 81/(0) 77-184-1977 seikosha-glass.com my grandfather buried them." As we enter the workshop I expect to find a contingent of ancient workmen huddled over those century-old tools. Instead, there are four young women and four young men, almost all of them under 30, soldering, shaping, and sealing the tea caddies. There is one older man, and he immediately gets up from his stool to talk with us.

"I had to do this every night when I was young, after I came home from school," he says. The speaker is Seiji Yagi, Takahiro's father. "My parents would tell me that I could only go out and play baseball if I finished my day's work. I never wanted to do that to my son. It had to be his choice to join the business."

Takahiro tells me that he initially planned to opt out, and that his father would then have been the last of five generations of Kaikado craftsmen. Takahiro studied English at the university and then went to work for a Kyoto company that made souvenirs for foreigners. Observing visitors' appetites for Japanese products—even those of mere trinket caliber—he saw an opening for Kaikado. He told his father he wanted to join the family business and expand it into the overseas market. His father thought the idea was absurd. "Foreign people will never buy our stuff," he said.

But Takahiro persevered and took Kaikado's products to the Salone del Mobile design show in Milan. There he met Masataka Hosoo, the 12th-generation scion of a family whose Kyoto-based textile-weaving enterprise has been operating since 1688. Their products metal tea ware and fine jacquard silk—were very different, but their family businesses faced the same challenge of reinventing their customer base and adapting to new markets. With three other Kyoto craft enterprises—specializing in wood carving, bamboo products, and metal-knit kitchen items—and the assistance of the Danish design studio OeO, they formed a design collective called Japan Handmade. Their goal was to create an entity with which the finest designers, artists, and brands in the world would want to collaborate.

The "Kyoto Five" of Japan Handmade became six with the addition of a 15thgeneration creator of ceramic vessels for tea ceremonies. They presented their works at shows in Shanghai and Paris, as well as Milan. Hosoo has made one-off custom weaves for American artist Teresita Fernandez, and Kaikado was commissioned by British fashion designer Margaret Howell to create a tea set now sold in her London boutiques. The Japanese photographer Hiroshi Sugimoto enlisted Yagi and other members of Japan Handmade to create an art installation at the Pace Gallery in New York.

As Takahiro walks me through the manufacturing process of a tea caddy, we pause at the most critical step—adjusting the lid so that it closes by itself, just from the force of gravity. He kneels down and goes to work with a tiny ball-peen hammer. "This tool is 80 years old," he says. "Even after I had worked here for years, I still had to pass each caddy I finished to my father so that he could tell me to loosen or tighten the lid. It's incredibly delicate work, and it can only be done by feel." He adjusts the lid, waits for it to drop, and then taps it gently with his hammer to shape the seal and change

About an hour's drive from central Kyoto, Naoya Arakawa, below, built his studio, left, in an undeveloped river valley. There, he practices the traditional craft of handblown glass, creating both functional pieces and fine art.







Deep in the maze of Kyoto's back streets, Re:planter's Murase Takaaki creates entire ecologies in recycled glass globes.

the tension. "Now our new craftsmen come to me to tell them whether it needs to be looser or tighter."

RE:PLANTER

The route to Re:planter, through narrow, nondescript, residential back alleys, confuses both my taxi driver and my GPS. After much rolling down of the window and polite requests to passersby, we finally reach a point where the taxi can go no farther. I get out in front of an apartment house built in a style that is roughly the Japanese equivalent of Stalinistera architecture, so brutally blocky and bland as to be almost beautiful. The alleyway, though, is decorated with all kinds of big potted plants. Bright green stalks and budding flowers stretch out into the street, making me feel as if I am entering a wild, sacred place. My destination turns out to be an alien-looking greenhouse-workshop cobbled together out of cinder block, wood, and plastic sheeting,

with a tiny footprint but a very tall doorway, adjacent to the faceless apartment building.

The wooden door slides open, and Murase Takaaki, a thin man in a long-sleeved maroon shirt and sneakers, greets me politely and beckons me inside. Hanging all around him, creating a kind of obstacle course, are the reasons I've come to see Takaaki: glass orbs chained to the ceiling, each containing a micro ecosystem, with a small LED bulb at the top, a wild-looking bonsai at the center, and an array of moss and water at the bottom.

Takaaki calls each glass ball a SpaceColony. "I'm studying how life grows and develops on a very small scale," he says. "I want to see how we can create these worlds that sustain themselves." He shows me one of the projects he was working on earlier in the day, a kind of aquarium with tiny fish circling a stand of bright green plant shoots. "I haven't changed this water since I built this a few weeks ago," he says. "The plants feed the fish. The LED feeds

the plants. And there's no need for us to do anything for all of this to live and grow."

Takaaki makes his work sound like a science project, but it is also supremely, uniquely beautiful. His pieces can be found in a few select bars and restaurants in Kyoto and elsewhere in the Kansai region, and in Tokyo they are sold at a high-end boutique for hundreds to thousands of dollars, depending on their size and intricacy.

"I didn't study gardening or bonsai,"
Takaaki says. "But as a three-year-old I was
very interested in the small bonsai that my
grandfather would create. Sometimes I was
allowed to bring them home to my parents'
house. But they always died."

He shows me the booty from his latest shopping spree: a shelf full of scraggly potted houseplants that he purchased at a Japanese equivalent of Home Depot—for half price, because they were barely clinging to life. "I rescue them," he says. A kind of atonement for his bonsai failures as a toddler, I think. "These struggling plants have a more interesting shape, to me, than the perfect ones."

Takaaki trained as a carpenter and built furniture for five years before starting Re:planter in 2012. He can construct almost anything by hand, and he uses mostly foraged, salvaged, and repurposed materials, riding his bicycle up into the nearby hills to collect moss for his terrariums. In an instance of Kyoto crafts crossover, he uses Kaikado containers to store his dirt and sand. The giant glass orbs in his pieces are lightbulb enclosures from ships or streetlights. Inside them, he grows, arranges, and prunes the plants to look like a self-contained little world.

There is one kind of gardening prevalent in Kyoto, found in perfectly manicured spreads such as temple grounds where no stem is left unclipped or uncontemplated. And then there is the kind of garden just outside Takaaki's door and inside his space colonies, cultivated patches intentionally allowed to grow wild. Takaaki sometimes opens up his studio to the people on his street so they can catch a glimpse of what he labors over day and night. "When they see my work, they understand what I'm doing," he says. "Nature is very close in Kyoto."

TEZOMEYA

The first thing that greets me when I climb a steep flight of stairs to Tezomeya's workshop is the sharp smell of something distinctly fishy. I turn to my companion, Jon Lukacek, an American who works with Tezomeya's master dyer and owner, Masaaki Aoki. "It's sea snail," Lukacek says. "Tyrian sea snails





MASAAKI AOKI DYE MASTER

Tezomeya, est. 2002

PRODUCTS

Loop-wheeled T-shirts, hoodies, cargo pants, and jeans

TECHNIQUE

In-studio coloring of cotton apparel with original dyes made from dried plants and other natural materials 456-2F Sasaya-cho, Nakagyou-ku, 81/(0) 75-211-1498, tezomeya.com



To color his casual Tezomeya cotton clothes, Masaaki Aoki uses dyes made from natural ingredients, right.





make a wonderful purple dye." On one side of the second-floor space is Tezomeya's retail shop—a few rows of T-shirts and other mostly cotton garments dyed in a variety of subdued yet complicated colors—pastel red, tea green, ash, cherry blossom. On the other side is Aoki's workshop. As we enter, Aoki stands in front of a whiteboard pondering a chemical formula.

"Remove this one element and you have indigo," he says, pointing to a symbol on the board. "Leave it and you get red." As we talk about his work, Aoki assembles his supplies for the day: bayberry tree bark, palm tree nuts, and galls, plant growths formed by insects as places to store nutrients. "Almost all of my materials come from *kampo*," he says, using the Japanese word for Chinese medicine. "I buy them from traders who specialize in it."

Aoki walks past the tools of his trade two household washing machines stained dark blue on the inside, giant steel pots atop commercial kitchen gas burners of the sort used in ramen shops, a scale and a computer on a wooden table—and approaches a large bookshelf. He pulls down a volume. "This is a reprint of a law book called the *Engishiki*, from 927 A.D.," he says. "It's a kind of government rule book that lays out all the regulations for society in the Heian period. Half of it concerns who can wear what colors and styles. The chapters I base my work on lay out the recipes for the 34 permitted colors." In 10th-century Japan, what you wore showed how you fit into the rigid social hierarchy. Clothes—and their colors—were concerns of the government, not just of garment makers.

"The problem is that this old book only lists the materials used to produce particular colors," Aoki explains. "There's no mention of time or technique. So I have to figure out how long to soak and how to extract the color to get what I want."

"Why go back to the way people dyed things a thousand years ago?" I ask.

"I love the colors that are produced using these ancient methods," he says. "Pieces that might be many hundreds of years old, their colors are still so bright and alive. It's impossible to get colors like that with chemical dyes."

As he talks, Aoki puts three dye elements—insect gall, bayberry tree bark, and areca palm nut—into three large pots of boiling water. He studied medical science and chemistry in college, he explains, then moved to Kyoto to work as an engineer for one of Japan's largest underwear manufacturers. He had always been interested in clothing and had grown up loving 1970s American hard rock and the aesthetic that went with it. "The foundational material in casual American fashion is cotton," he says. His fascination with the vibrant colors of ancient clothing inspired him to think about how to incorporate them into the cotton wear that he had grown up with.

A project at the underwear company provided a connection at the Textile Research Institute and the next step in Aoki's career. He left his corporate job and apprenticed with a dyer in Nara who was doing things the old way. At first, he was struck by how little his teacher understood about science. "He was a master craftsman but knew nothing about the chemistry behind what he was doing," Aoki says. "But the dyers in the Heian period also knew nothing about chemistry. It was a mysterious sort of endeavor for them."

Although he thought of himself as a man of science, Aoki began to appreciate other aspects of the dye craft. "If I reduce everything to science, then I miss out on the cultural and historical significance of these colors and these processes," he says. "That doesn't mean I disregard science. I keep meticulous records

of everything I do so I can understand what ingredients or techniques yield which colors."

By now the air in the workshop is thick with the raw, musky smell of the galls, the woody odor of bark, and something still lingering from the sea snails. The dyes are ready for the T-shirts, which are off-white and rough in texture. "I get the cotton from a mill in New Mexico," Aoki says. "It was the most organic, unadulterated product I could find in the world." He sends the cotton thread to a factory in nearby Miyazu City, where the shirts are woven on an old-style machine called a loopwheeler, which produces a cylindrical garment that is believed to fit better and last longer than a side-seamed shirt. Companies like Nike have teamed up with Japanese manufacturers to make expensive special-edition sweatshirts on loop-wheeler machines.

Aoki gingerly immerses the shirts in the vats of dye, explaining that this natural process was originally used exclusively for silk. "I think I'm the only person in Kyoto doing this," he says. "And I'm one of only a few in all of Japan.

All the kimono makers and artists here in Kyoto now use chemical dyes. Most have for a long time." Aoki's Tezomeya brand, launched 13 years ago, has yet to break into the mainstream either in Japan or abroad, largely because Aoki sells only in his own shop and online. He is more concerned with process than profit.

As he plucks out a deep purple T-shirt, I'm struck by the fact that in this city of craftsmen, the only one keeping alive a technique that was used to dye the kimonos of ancient Japan is using that method to produce some of the most beautifully colored, casual cotton T-shirts I've ever seen. "I was drawn to finding something that had been overlooked," Aoki says. "I want to know how now connects to the past. We lose something profound if we don't look back."

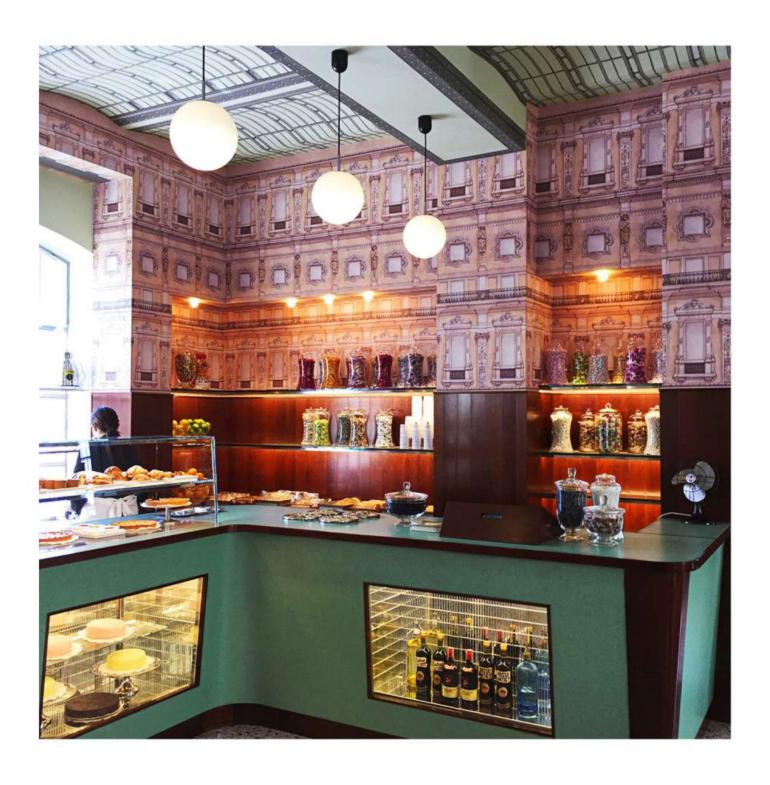
Contributing writer Tom Downey wrote about artisanal shoemaking in Mallorca, Spain, in the October 2014 issue of AFAR. Photographer Hideaki Hamada, based in Osaka, Japan, shoots people and places around the world.







EYE



CANDY

ON THE GRITTY
INDUSTRIAL
OUTSKIRTS OF MILAN,
MIUCCIA PRADA,
REM KOOLHAAS, AND
WES ANDERSON



page, designed to the last detail by Wes Anderson, and a factory-turned-gallery, above, covered in 24-karat gold leaf by Rem Koolhaas.





CHANCES ARE YOUR TAXI DRIVER WON'T KNOW WHERE TO GO WHEN

you say, "Fondazione Prada, per favore." He may Google it, then look at you confused. This new, high-concept complex is deeply hidden in Milano's sun-bleached, industrial Largo Isarco neighborhood, which seems a more likely place for someone to dispose of a body than for a major fashion house to exhibit contemporary art. When you pull up, the only confirmation that you've arrived is a white neon sign glowing above the ruins of what was once the Società Italiana Spiriti distillery. There's no visible ticket office—just a vast, empty courtyard and a cluster of oddly shaped buildings. Outside of one, a staircase seems to lead nowhere. But that's all part of why you come

here: Exploring the compound is an absolutely disorienting-and intriguing-visual experience.

The 205,000-square-foot center was the brainchild of husband-and-wife team Miuccia Prada and Patrizio Bertelli. Their Fondazione Prada had been mounting exhibitions for years, but they wanted Prada's art collection to have a home of its own. They pictured something untraditional—an anti-museum of sorts. To pull it off, they collaborated with Dutch visionary Rem Koolhaas and film director Wes Anderson. Koolhaas led a team of architects at his firm, OMA, to revamp the site, adding oddball elements, and Anderson created Bar Luce, a café full of vintage details.



You can immediately see the Koolhaas touch in the four-story "Haunted House": It's the building in the courtyard, the one plated in 24-karat gold. The space contains works ranging from the absurd (a room of clothing on hangers conceived by Louise Bourgeois) to the more absurd (Robert Gober's crib holding a giant stick of butter). Next to the gold building sits the Cinema, which screens projects by such directors as Steve McQueen and is clad in so many mirrors that it nearly dissolves into the sky. The rest of the art is shown in a trio of old distillery tanks. Koolhaas's team hollowed out the concrete cylinders, and each now displays pieces from the collection, some of which go back seven centuries. Visit before

January 10 to view the work of Eva Hesse, who turned everyday materials, such as wax, latex, and wire, into abstract, fleshlike forms.

All visits to the Fondazione wind up at Anderson's Bar Luce, the café on the outer edge of the property. (Look for the giant neon sign that reads simply BAR.) With terrazzo floors and 1950s turquoise and pink Naugahyde chairs, the space looks like one of Anderson's whimsical sets. But nothing is just for show. The bespectacled bartenders, who could be extras from *The Grand Budapest Hotel*, will serve you glasses of *spumante*, and the retro pinball machines operate when fed coins. It's yet another fully realized world in the Prada universe where you can lose yourself.

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Above (from left): Hoyt Harper II, Jennifer Flowers, Clayton F. Ruebensaal, and Mark Izaat





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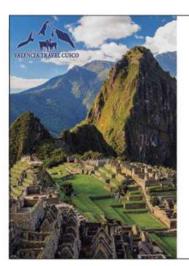
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The most recent AFAR Conversations took place in July at the recently reopened **Knickerbocker Hotel** in Times Square, NYC. To start the evening, guests enjoyed a signature "River Cosmo" drink, courtesy of our partners at **Uniworld**, and took home **Shiseido's** new Ultimate Sun Protection Lotion with innovative WetForce Technology.

Following cocktail hour, AFAR Deputy
Editor Jennifer Flowers led a captivating
panel discussion inspired by the pages of
our Exceptional Travel Experiences issue.
The panelists Hoyt Harper II, Global Brand
Manager for Starwood's Luxury Collection;
Mark Izaat, Founder of Communicating
Luxury; and Clayton F. Ruebensaal, VP,
Global Marketing Transformation at American
Express each had unique insights on the
evolving definition of "exceptional" and what's
next in the travel industry. We thank everyone
who made this wonderful evening a success!
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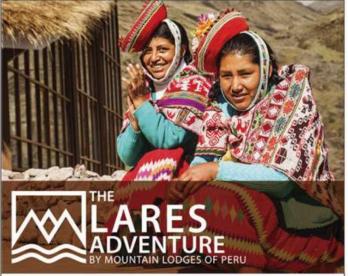
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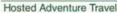
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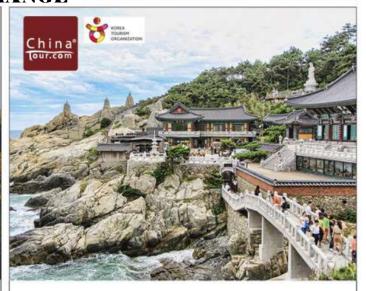




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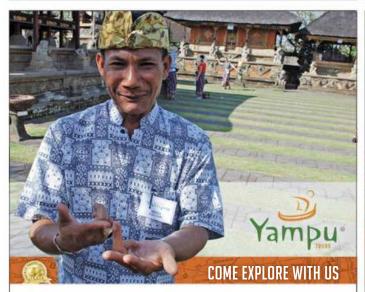
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